THE
Elder Brother:
A
COMEDY.

As it is now Acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL;
By His MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by { *Francis Beaumont*, & *John Fletcher*, } Gent.

LONDON,
Printed by *T. N.* for *D. N.* and *T. C.* and are to be sold by *George Marriott*, at the Sign of the *Temple* near the *Inner Temple* Gate in *Fleetstreet*.
M.DC.LXXVIII.

THE

Elder Brother:

A

COMEDY.

As it is now Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

By HIS MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by { Francis Beaumont, & John Fletcher, } Gent.

LONDON,

Printed by T. N. for D. N. and T. C. and are to be
Sold by George Marriott, at the Sign of the Temple
near the Inner Temple Gate in Fleetstreet.

M.D.C.LXXVII.

The Speakers of the Play.

Lewis,	*a Lord:*
Miramont,	*a Gentleman,*
Briſac,	*a Juſtice, Brother to* Miramont.
Charles, Euſtace,	*a Scholar,* *a Courtier,* } *Sons to* Briſac.
Egremont, Cowſy,	} *two Courtiers, friends to* Euſtace.
Andrew,	*Servant to* Charles.
Cook, Butler,	} *Servants to* Briſac.
Prieſt.	
Notary.	
Servants.	
Officers.	
Angellina,	*Daughter to* Lewis.
Sylvia,	*her Woman.*
Lilly,	*Wife to* Andrew.
Ladies.	

LECTORI.

Would'ſt thou all Wit, all Comick Art ſurvey?
Read here and wonder; Fletcher *writ the Play.*

PRO-

Prologue.

BUt that it would take from our modesty,
To praise the Writer, or the Comedy,
Till your fair suffrage crown it, I should say,
Y' are all most welcome to no vulgar Play;
And so far w' are confident: And if he
That made it, still lives in your memory,
You will expect what we present to night,
Should be judg'd worthy of your ears and sight.
You shall hear Fletcher *in it, his true strain,*
And neat expressions; living he did gain
Your good opinions; but now dead commends
This Orphan to the care of Noble Friends;
And may it raise in you content and mirth,
And be receiv'd for a legit' mate birth.
Your grace erects new Trophies to his fame,
And shall, to after-times, preserve his name.

Actus

THE

Elder Brother.

A COMEDY.

ACTUS I. SCÆNA I.

Lewis, Angellina, Sylvia.

Lewis.

Ay, I muſt walk you farther.

Ang. I am tir'd, Sir, and ne'er ſhall foot it home.

Lew. 'Tis for your health; the want of exerciſe takes from your Beauties, and ſloth dries up your ſweetneſs: That you are my onely Daughter and my Heir, is granted; and you in thankfulneſs muſt needs acknowledge, you ever find me an indulgent Father, and open-handed.

Ang. Nor can you tax me, Sir, I hope, for want of duty to deſerve theſe favours from you.

Lew. No, my *Angellina*, I love and cheriſh thy obedience to me, Which my care to advance thee ſhall confirm: all that I aim at, is, to win thee from the practiſe of an idle fooliſh ſtate, us'd by great Women, who think any labour (though in the ſervice of themſelves) a blemiſh to their fair fortunes.

Ang. Make me underſtand, Sir, what 'tis you point at.

Lew. At the cuſtom, how Virgins of wealthy Families waſte their youth; after a long ſleep, when you wake, your Woman preſents your Breakfaſt, then you ſleep again, then riſe, and being trimm'd up by others hands, y'are led to Dinner, and that ended, either to Cards or to your Couch, (as if you were born without motion) after this to Supper, and then to Bed: and ſo your life runs round without variety or action, Daughter.

Syl. Here's a learned Lecture!

Lew. From this idleneſs, diſeaſes, both in body and in mind, grow ſtrong upon you; where a ſtirring nature, with wholeſome exerciſe, guards both from danger: I'd have thee riſe with the Sun, walk, dance, or hunt, viſit the Groves and Springs, and learn the virtue of Plants and Simples: Do this moderately, and thou ſhalt not, with eating Chalk, or Coles, Leather and Oatmeal, and ſuch other traſh, fall into the Green ſickneſs.

Syl. With your pardon (were you but pleas'd to miniſter it) I could preſcribe a Remedy for my Lady's health, and her delight too, far tranſcending thoſe your Lordſhip but now mention'd.

Lew. What is it, *Sylvia*?

Syl. What is't! a noble Husband; in that word, a noble Husband, all content of woman is wholly comprehended: He will rouſe her, as you ſay, with the Sun; and ſo pipe to her, as ſhe will dance, ne'er doubt it; and hunt with her, upon occaſion, until both be weary; and then the knowledge of your Plants and Simples, as I take it, were ſuperfluous. A loving, and, but add to it, a gameſome Bedfellow, being the ſure Phyſician.

Lew. Well ſaid, Wench.

Ang. And who gave you Commiſſion to deliver your Verdict, Minion?

Syl. I deſerve a Fee, and not a Frown, dear Madam: I but ſpeak her thoughts, my Lord, and what her modeſty refuſes to give voice to. Shew no mercy to a Maidenhead of fourteen, but off with't: Let her loſe no time, Sir; Fathers that deny their Daughters lawful pleaſure, when ripe for them, in ſome kinds edge their appetites to taſte of the fruit that is forbidden.

Lew. 'Tis well urg'd, and I approve it: No more bluſhing, Girl, thy Woman hath ſpoke truth, and ſo prevented what I meant to move to thee. There dwells near us a Gentleman of bloud, Monſieur *Briſac*, of a fair Eſtate, ſix thouſand Crowns *per annum*, the happy Father of two hopeful Sons, of different breedings; the elder,

a meer

a meer Scholar; the younger, a quaint Courtier.

Ang. Sir, I know them by publick fame, though yet I never ſaw them; and that oppos'd antipathy between their various diſpoſitions, renders them the general diſcourſe and argument; one part inclining to the Scholar *Charles*, the other ſide preferring *Euſtace*, as a man compleat in Courtſhip.

Lew. And which way (if of theſe two you were to chuſe a Huſband) doth your affection ſway you?

Ang. To be plain Sir, (ſince you will teach me boldneſs) as they are ſimply themſelves, to neither: Let a Courtier be never ſo exact, let him be bleſs'd with all parts that yield him to a Virgin gratious; if he depend on others, and ſtand not on his own bottoms, though he have the means to bring his Miſtris to a Maſque, or by conveyance from ſome great ones lips, to taſte ſuch favour from the King: or grant he purchaſe precedency in the Court, to be ſworn a ſervant Extraordinary to the Queen; nay, though he live in expectation of ſome huge preferment in reverſion; if he want a preſent fortune, at the beſt thoſe are but glorious dreams, and onely yield him a happineſs in *poſſe*, not in *eſſe*; nor can they fetch him Silks from the Mercer, nor diſcharge a Tailors Bill, nor in full plenty (which ſtill preſerves a quiet Bed at home) maintain a Family.

Lew. Aptly conſider'd, and to my wiſh: But what's thy cenſure of the Scholar?

Ang. Troth (if he be nothing elſe) as of the Courtier, all his Songs and Sonnets, his Anagrams, Acroſticks, Epigrams, his deep and Philoſophical Diſcourſe of Nature's hidden Secrets, makes not up a perfect Husband; he can hardly borrow the Stars of the Celeſtial Crown to make me a Tire for my Head, nor *Charles's Wain* for a Coach, nor *Ganymede* for a Page, nor a rich Gown from *Juno's* Wardrobe, nor would I lie in (for I deſpair not once to be a Mother) under Heaven's ſpangled Canopy, or Banquet my Gueſts and Goſſips with imagin'd Nectar; pure *Orleans* would do better: No, no, Father, though I could be well pleas'd to have my Husband a Courtier, and a Scholar, young, and valiant; theſe are but gawdy nothings, if there be not ſomething to make a ſubſtance.

Lew. And what is that?

Ang. A full Eſtate, and that ſaid, I've ſaid all; and get me ſuch a one with theſe Additions, farewell Virginity, and welcome Wedlock.

Lew. But where is such a one to be met wit, Daughter? A black Swan is more common; you may wear grey Tresses ere we find him.

Ang. I am not so punctual in all Ceremonies, I will bate two or three of these good parts, before I'll dwell too long upon the choice.

Syl. Onely, my Lord, remember, that he be rich and active, for without these, the others yield no relish, but these perfect. You must bear with small faults, Madam.

Lew. Merry Wench, and it becomes you well; I'll to *Brisac*, and try what may be done; i'th' mean time home, and feast thy thoughts with th'pleasures of a Bride.

Syl. Thoughts are but airy food, Sir, let her taste them.

ACTUS I. SCÆNA II.

Andrew, Cook, Butler.

Unload part of the Library, and make room for th'other dozen of Carts; I'll straight be with you.

Cook. Why, hath he more Books?

And. More than ten Marts send over.

But. And can he tell their names?

And. Their names! he has 'em as perfect as his *Pater Noster*; but that's nothing, has read them over leaf by leaf three thousand times; but here's the wonder, though their weight would sink a Spanish Carrock, without other Ballast, he carrieth them all in his head, and yet he walks upright.

But. Surely he has a strong brain.

And. If all thy Pipes of Wine were fill'd with Books, made of the Barks of Trees, or Mysteries writ in old moth-eaten Vellam, he would sip thy Cellar quite dry, and still be thirsty: Then for's Diet, he eats and digests more Volumes at a meal, than there would be L rks (though the Sky should fall) devoured in a month in *Paris*. Yet fear not Sons o'the Buttery and Kitchin, though his learn'd stomach cannot be appeas'd; he'll seldom trouble you, his knowing stomach contemns your Black-Jacks, *Butler*, and your Flagons; and, *Cook*, thy Boil'd, thy Roast, thy Bak'd.

Cook. How liveth he?

And. Not as other men do, few Princes fare like him; he breaks his fast with *Aristotle*, dines with *Tully*, takes his Watering with the Muse,

Muſes, ſups with *Livy*, then walks a turn or two in *Via Lactea*, and (after ſix hours conference with the Stars) ſleeps with old *Erra Pater*.

But. This is admirable.

And. I'll tell you more hereafter. Here's my old Maſter, and another old ignorant Elder; I'll upon 'em.

Enter Briſac, Lewis.

What, *Andrew*? welcome; where's my *Charles*? ſpeak, *Andrew*, where did'ſt thou leave thy Maſter?

And. Contemplating the number of the Sands in the High-way, and from that, purpoſes to make a Judgment of the remainder in the Sea: he is, Sir, in ſerious ſtudy, and will loſe no minute, nor out of 's pace to knowledge.

Lew. This is ſtrange.

And. Yet he hath ſent his duty, Sir, before him in this fair Manuſcript.

Briſ. What have we here? Pot-hooks and Andirons!

And. I much pity you, it is the Syrian Character, or the Arabick. Would 'ee have it ſaid, ſo great and deep a Scholar as Mr. *Charles* is, ſhould ask bleſſing in any Chriſtian Language? Were it Greek I could interpret for you, but indeed I'm gone no farther.

Bri. And in Greek you can lie with your ſmug Wife *Lilly*.

And. If I keep her from your French Dialect, as I hope I ſhall, Sir; However ſhe is your Laundreſs, ſhe ſhall put you to the charge of no more Soap than uſual for th'waſhing of your Sheets.

Bri. Take in the Knave, and let him eat.

And. And drink too, Sir.

Bri. And drink too, Sir, and ſee your Maſters Chamber ready for him.

But. Come, Dr. *Andrew*, without Diſputation thou ſhalt Commence i'th' Cellar.

And. I had rather Commence on a cold bak'd meat.

Cow. Thou ſhalt ha't, Boy. [*Exit.*

Bri. Good Monſieur *Lewis*, I eſteem my ſelf much honour'd in your clear intent, to joyn our antient Families, and make them one; and 'twill take from my age and cares to live, and ſee what you have purpos'd but in act, of which your viſit at this preſent is a hopeful Omen; I each minute expecting the arrival of my Sons; I have

not

not wrong'd their Birth for want of Means and Education, to ſhape them to that courſe each was addicted; and therefore that we may proceed diſcreetly, ſince what's concluded raſhly ſeldom proſpers, you firſt ſhall take a ſtrict peruſal of them, and then from your allowance, your fair Daughter may faſhion her affection.

Lew. Monſieur *Briſac*, you offer fair and nobly, and I'll meet you in the ſame line of Honour; and I hope, being bleſt but with one Daughter, I ſhall not appear impertinently curious, though with my utmoſt vigilance and ſtudy, I labour to beſtow her to her worth: Let others ſpeak her form, and future Fortune from me deſcending to her; I in that ſit down with ſilence.

Bri. You may, my Lord, ſecurely, ſince Fame aloud proclaimeth her perfections, commanding all mens tongues to ſing her praiſes; ſhould I ſay more, you well might cenſure me (what yet I never was) a Flatterer. What trampling's that without of Horſes?

Enter Butler.

But. Sir, my young Maſters are newly alighted.

Bri. Sir, now obſerve their ſeveral diſpoſitions.

Enter Charles.

Char. Bid my Supſiſer carry my Hackney to the Butt'ry, and give him his Bever; it is a civil and ſober Beaſt, and will drink moderately; and that done, turn him into the Quadrangle.

Bri. He cannot out of his Univerſity tone.

Enter Euſtace, Egremont, Cowſy.

Lackey, take care our Courſers be well rubb'd, and cloath'd; they have out-ſtripp'd the Wind in ſpeed.

Lew. I marry, Sir, there's metall in this young Fellow! What a Sheep's look his elder Brother has!

Char. Your bleſſing, Sir.

Bri. Riſe, *Charles*, thou haſt it.

Euſt. Sir, though it be unuſual in the Court, (ſince 'tis the Courtiers garb) I bend my knee, and do expect what follows.

Bri. Courtly begg'd. My bleſſing, take it.

Euſt.

Euſt. (*to Lew.*) Your Lordſhip's vow'd adorer. What a thing this Brother is! yet I'll vouchſafe him the new Italian ſhrug——— How clowniſhly the Book-worm does return it?

Char. I'm glad ye are well. [*Reads.*

Euſt. Pray you be happy in the knowledge of this pair of accompliſh'd Monſieurs; they are Gallants that have ſeen both Tropicks.

Bri. I embrace their love.

Egr. Which we'll repay with ſervulating.

Cow. And will report your bounty in the Court.

Bri. I pray you make deſerving uſe on't firſt. *Euſtace*, give entertainment to your Friends; what's in my houſe is theirs.

Euſt. Which we'll make uſe of; let's warm our brains with half a dozen Healths, and then hang cold diſcourſe, for we'll ſpeak Fireworks. [*Ex.*

Lew. What, at his Book already?

Bri. Fie, fie, *Charles*, no hour of interruption?

Char. *Plato* differs from *Socrates* in this.

Bri. Come, lay them by; let them agree at leiſure.

Char. Man's life, Sir, being ſo ſhort, and then the way that leads unto the knowledge of our ſelves, ſo long and tedious: each minute ſhould be precious.

Bri. In our care to manage worldly buſineſs, you muſt part with this Bookiſh contemplation, and prepare your ſelf for action; to thrive in this Age is held the blame of Learning: You muſt ſtudy to know what part of my Land's good for the Plough, and what for Paſture; how to buy and ſell to the beſt advantage; how to cure my Oxen when they're o'er-grown with labour.

Char. I may do this from what I've read, Sir; for, what concerns Tillage, who better can deliver it than *Virgil* in his *Georgicks*? and to cure your Herds, his *Bucolicks* is a Maſter-piece; but when he does deſcribe the Common-wealth of Bees, their induſtry, and knowledge of the Herbs from which they gather Honey, with their care to place it with *decorum* in the Hive; their Government among themſelves, their order in going forth, and coming loaden home; their obedience to their King, and his rewards to ſuch as labour, with his puniſhments onely inflicted on the ſlothful Drone; I'm raviſhed with it, and there reap my Harveſt, and there receive the gain my Cattle bring me, and there find Wax and Honey.

Bri.

Bri. And grow rich in your imagination; heyday, heyday! *Georgicks*, *Bucolicks*, and Bees! art mad?

Char. No, Sir, the knowledge of theſe guards me from it.

Bri. But can you find among your bundle of Books (and put in all your Dictionaries that ſpeak all Tongues) what pleaſure they enjoy, that do embrace a well-ſhap'd wealthy Bride? Anſwer me that.

Char. 'Tis frequent, Sir, in Story, there I read of all kind of virtuous and vitious women; the antient Spartan Dames, and Roman Ladies, their Beauties and Deformities; and when I light upon a *Portia* or *Cornelia*, crown'd with ſtill-flouriſhing leaves of truth and goodneſs; with ſuch a feeling I peruſe their Fortunes, as if I then had liv'd, and freely taſted their raviſhing ſweetneſs; at the preſent loving the whole Sex for their goodneſs and example. But on the contrary, when I look on a *Clytemneſtra*, or a *Tullia*; the firſt bath'd in her Husbands bloud; the latter, without a touch of piety, driving on her Chariot o'er her Father's breathleſs Trunk, horrour invades my faculties; and comparing the multitudes o'th'guilty, with the few that did die Innocents, I deteſt and loath 'em as Ignorance or Atheiſm.

Bri. You reſolve then ne'er to make payment of the debt you owe me.

Char. What debt, good Sir?

Bri. A debt I paid my Father when I begat thee, and made him a Grandfire, which I expect from you.

Char. The Children, Sir, which I will leave to all poſterity, begot and brought up by my painful Studies, ſhall be my living Iſſue.

Bri. Very well; and I ſhall have a general Collection of all the quiddits from *Adam* to this time, to be my Granchild.

Char. And ſuch a one, I hope, Sir, as ſhall not ſhame the Family.

Bri. Nor will you take care of my Eſtate?

Char. But in my wiſhes; for know, Sir, that the wings on which my Soul is mounted, have long ſince born her too high, to ſtoop to any Prey that ſoars not upwards. Sordid and dunghil minds, compos'd of earth, in that groſs Element fix all their happineſs; but purer Spirits, purg'd and refin'd, ſhake off that clog of humane frailty; give me leave t'enjoy my ſelf; that place that does contain my

my Books (the beſt Companions) is to me a glorious Court, where hourly I converſe with the old Sages and Philoſophers, and ſometimes for variety, I confer with Kings and Emperors, and weigh their Counſels, calling their Victories (if unjuſtly got) unto a ſtrict accompt, and in my phancy, deface their ill-plac'd Statues; can I then part with ſuch conſtant pleaſures, to embrace uncertain vanities? No, be it your care t'augment your heap of wealth; it ſhall be mine t' increaſe in knowledge——— Lights there for my Study ——— [*Exit.*

Bri. Was ever man that had reaſon thus tranſported from all ſenſe and feeling of his proper good? It vexes me, and if I found not comfort in my young *Euſtace*, I might well conclude my name were at a period!

Lew. He is indeed, Sir, the ſurer baſe to build on.

Enter Euſtace, Egremont, Cowſy, *and* Andrew.

Bri. Euſtace.

Euſt. Sir ——

Bri. Your ear in private.

And. I ſuſpect my Maſter has found harſh welcome, he's gone Supperleſs into his Study; could I find out the cauſe, it may be borrowing of his Books, or ſo, I ſhall be ſatisfied.

Euſt. My duty ſhall, Sir, take any form you pleaſe; and in your motion to have me married, you cut off all dangers the violent heats of youth might bear me to.

Lew. It is well anſwer'd

Euſt. Nor ſhall you, my Lord, for your fair Daughter ever find juſt cauſe to mourn your choice of me; the name of Huſband, nor the authority it carries in it, ſhall ever teach me to forget to be, as I am now, her Servant, and your Lordſhips; and but that modeſty forbids, that I ſhould ſound the Trumpet of my own deſerts, I could ſay, my choice manners have been ſuch, as render me lov'd and remarkable to the Princes of the Blood.

Cow. Nay, to the King.

Egre. Nay to the King and Council.

And. Theſe are Court-admirers, and ever eccho him that bears the Bag. Though I be dull-ey'd, I ſee through this jugling.

Euſt. Then for my hopes.

Cow Nay certainties.

Euſt. They ſtand as fair as any mans. What can there fall in compaſs of her wiſhes, which ſhe ſhall not be ſuddenly poſſeſs'd of? Loves ſhe Titles? by the grace and favour of my Princely Friends, I am what ſhe would have me.

Bri. He ſpeaks well, and I believe him.

Lew. I could wiſh I did ſo. Pray you a word, Sir. He's a proper Gentleman, and promiſe nothing, but what is poſſible. So far I will go with you; nay, I add, he hath won much upon me; and were he but one thing that his Brother is, the bargain were ſoon ſtruck up.

Bri. What's that, my Lord?

Lew. The Heir.

And. Which he is not, and I truſt never ſhall be.

Bri. Come, that ſhall breed no difference; you ſee *Charles* has given o'er the world; I'll undertake, and with much eaſe, to buy his Birth-right of him for a Dry-fat of new Books; nor ſhall my ſtate alone make way for him, but my elder Brothers, who being iſſueleſs, to advance our name, I doubt not will add his. Your reſolution?

Lew. I'll firſt acquaint my Daughter with the proceedings; on theſe terms I am yours, as ſhe ſhall be, make you no ſcruple. Get the Writings ready, ſhe ſhall be tractable; to morrow we will hold a ſecond conference. Farewell, noble *Euſtace*; and you, brave Gallants.

Euſt. Full increaſe of Honour wait ever on your Lordſhip.

And. The Gout rather, and a perpetual Meagrim.

Bri. You ſee, *Euſtace*, how I travel to poſſeſs you of a Fortune you were not born to; be you worthy of it: I'll furniſh you for a Suitor; viſit her, and proſper in't.

Euſt. She's mine, Sir, fear it not: in all my travels, I ne'er met a Virgin that could reſiſt my Courtſhip.

Euſt. If it take now, we're made for ever, and will revel it. [*Ex.*

And. In tough Welſh Parſley, which, in our vulgar Tongue, is ſtrong Hempen Halters; my poor Maſter cozen'd, and I a looker on! If we have ſtudi'd our Majors and our Minors, Antecedents and Conſequents, to be concluded Coxcombs, w'have made a

fair

fair hand on't. I am glad I have found out all their plots, and their Conſpiracies; this ſhall t'old Monſieur *Miramont*, one, that though he cannot read a Proclamation, yet dotes on Learning, and loves my Maſter *Charles* for being a Scholar; I hear he's coming hither, I ſhall meet him; and if he be that old, rough, teaſty blade he always us'd to be, I'll ring him ſuch a peal, as ſhall go near to ſhake their Belroom, peradventure beat'm, for he is fire and flax; and ſo have at him. *Exit.*

Finis Actus primi.

Actus II. *Scæna* I.

Miramount, Briſac.

NAy, Brother, Brother.

Bri. Pray, Sir, be not moved, I meddle with no buſineſs but mine own, and in mine own 'tis reaſon I ſhould govern.

Mir. But how to govern then, and underſtand, Sir, and be as wiſe as y'are haſty, though you be my Brother, and from one bloud ſprung, I muſt tell ye heartily and home too.

Bri. What, Sir?

Mir. What I grieve to find, you are a fool, and an old fool, and that's two.

Bri. We'll part 'em, if you pleaſe.

Mir. No, they're entail'd to 'em. Seek to deprive an honeſt noble Spirit, your eldeſt Son, Sir, and your very Image, (but he's ſo like you, that he fares the worſe for't) becauſe he loves his Book, and dotes on that, and onely ſtudies how to know things excellent, above the reach of ſuch courſe Brains as yours, ſuch muddy Fancies, that never will know farther than when to cut your Vines, and cozen Merchants, and choak your hide-bound Tenants with muſty Harveſts.

Bai. You go too faſt.

Mir. I am not come to my pace yet. Becauſe h' has made his ſtudy all his pleaſure, and is retir'd into his Contemplation, not

medling with the dirt and chaff of Nature, that makes the ſpirit of the mind mud too; therefore muſt he be flung from his inheritance? muſt he be diſpoſſeſs'd, and Monſieur Gingle-boy his younger Brother ——

Bri. You forget your ſelf.

Mir. Becauſe h'has been at Court, and learn'd new Tongues, and how to ſpeak a tedious piece of nothing; to vary his face as Sea-men do their compaſs, to worſhip Images of gold and ſilver, and fall before the She-calves of the ſeaſon; therefore muſt he jump into his Brother's Land?

Bri. Have you done yet, and have you ſpake enough in praiſe of Learning, Sir?

Mir. Never enough.

Bri. But, Brother, do you know what Learning is?

Mir. It is not to be a Juſtice of Peace as you are, and palter out your time i'th' penal Statutes. To hear the curious Tenets controverted between a Proteſtant Conſtable, and Jeſuite Cobler; to pick Natural Philoſophy out of Bawdry, when your Worſhips pleas'd to correctifie a Lady; nor 'tis not the main Moral of blind Juſtice, (which is deep Learning) when your Worſhips Tenants bring a light cauſe, and heavy Hens before ye, both fat and feeble, a Gooſe or Pig; and then you'll ſit like equity with both hands weighing indifferently the ſtate o'th' queſtion. Theſe are your Quodlibets, but no Learning, Brother.

Bri. You are ſo parlouſly in love with Learning, that I'd be glad to know what you underſtand, Brother; I'm ſure you have read all *Ariſtotle*.

Mir. Faith no; but I believe I have a learned faith, Sir, and that's it makes a Gentleman of my ſort; though I can ſpeak no Greek, I love the ſound of't, it goes ſo thund'ring as it conjur'd Devils: *Charles*, ſpeaks it loftily, and if thou wert a man, or had'ſt but ever heard of *Homers Iliads*, *Heſiod*, and the Greek Poets, thou would'ſt run mad, and hang thy ſelf for joy th'had'ſt ſuch a Gentleman to be thy Son: O he has read ſuch things to me!

Bri. And you do underſtand 'em, Brother?

Mir. I tell thee, No, that's not material; the ſound's ſufficient to confirm an honeſt man: Good Brother *Briſac*, does your young Courtier, that wears the fine Cloaths, and is the excellent Gentleman,

Gentleman, (the Traveller, the Soldier, as you think too) underſtand any other power than his Tailor? or knows what motion is more than an Horſe-race? What the Moon means, but to light him home from Taverns? or the comfort of the Sun is, but to wear ſlaſh'd clothes in? And muſt this piece of ignorance be popt up, becauſe 't can kiſs the hand, and cry, Sweet Lady? Say it had been at *Rome*, and ſeen the Reliques, drunk your *Verdea* Wine, and rid at *Naples*, brought home a Box of *Venice* Treacle with it, to cure young Wenches that have eaten aſhes: Muſt this thing therefore?——

Bri. Yes, Sir, this thing muſt; I will not truſt my Land to one ſo ſotted, ſo grown like a diſeaſe unto his Study; he that will fling off all occaſions and cares, to make him underſtand what ſtate is, and how to govern it, muſt, by that reaſon, be flung himſelf aſide from managing. My younger Boy is a fine Gentleman.

Mir. He is an Aſs, a piece of Ginger-bread, gilt over to pleaſe fooliſh Girls puppets.

Bri. You are my elder Brother.

Mir. So I had need, and have an elder Wit, thou'dſt ſhame us all elſe. Go too, I ſay, *Charles* ſhall inherit.

Bri. I ſay, No, unleſs *Charles* had a Soul to underſtand it; Can he manage ſix thouſand Crowns a year out of the Metaphyſics? or can all his learn'd Aſtronomy look to my Vineyards? Can the drunken old Poets make up my Vines? (I know they can drink 'em) or your excellent Humaniſts ſell 'em the Merchants for my beſt advantage? Can Hiſtory cut my Hay, or get my Corn in? and can Geometry vend it in the Market? Shall I have my Sheep kept with a *Jacobs-Staff* now? I wonder you will magnifie this mad-man, you that are old, and ſhould underſtand.

Mir. Should, ſai'ſt thou? thou monſtrous piece of ignorance in office! thou that haſt no more knowledge than thy Clerk infuſes, thy dapper Clerk, larded with ends of Latin, and he no more than cuſtom of offences. Thou unreprievable Dunce! that thy formal Bandſtrings, thy Ring, nor Pomander cannot expiate for, do'ſt thou tell me I ſhould? I'll poſe thy Worſhip in thine own Library and Almanack, which thou art daily poring on, to pick out days of iniquity to cozen fools in, and Full Moons to cut Cattle: do'ſt thou taint me, that have run over Story, Poetry, Humanity?

Bri.

Bri. As a cold nipping ſhadow does o'r ears of Corn, and leave 'em blaſted, put up your anger, what I'll do, I'll do.

Mir. Thou ſhalt not do.

Bri. I will.

Mir. Thou art an Aſs then, a dull old tedious Aſs; th' art ten times worſe, and of leſs credit than Dunce *Hollingſhead* the Engliſhman, that writes of Shows and Sheriffs.

Enter Lewis.

Bri. Well, take your pleaſure, here's one I muſt talk with.

Lew. Good-day, Sir.

Bri. Fair to you, Sir.

Lew. May I ſpeak w'ye?

Bri. With all my heart, I was waiting on your goodneſs.

Lew. Good morrow, Monſieur *Miramont*.

Mir. O ſweet Sir, keep your good morrow to cool your Worſhips pottage; a couple of the Worlds Fools met together to raiſe up dirt and dunghills.

Lew. Are they drawn?

Bri. They ſhall be ready, Sir, within theſe two hours; and *Charles* ſet his hand.

Lew. 'Tis neceſſary; for he being a joint purchaſer, though your Eſtate was got by your own induſtry, unleſs he ſeal to the Conveyance, it can be of no validity.

Bri. He ſhall be ready, and do it willingly.

Mir. He ſhall be hang'd firſt.

Bri. I hope your Daughter likes.

Lew. She loves him well, Sir; young *Euſtace* is a bait to catch a Woman, a budding ſpritely Fellow; y'are reſolv'd then, that all ſhall paſs from *Charles*. *Bri.* All, all, he's nothing; a bunch of Books ſhall be his Patrimony, and more then he can manage too.

Lew. Will your Brother paſs over his Land to your ſon *Euſtace*? you know he has no Heir.

Mir. He will be flead firſt, and Horſe-collars made of 's skin.

Bri. Let him alone, a wilful man; my Eſtate ſhall ſerve the turn, Sir. And how does your Daughter?

Lew. Ready for the hour, and like a bluſhing Roſe that ſtays the pulling.

Bri.

Bri. To morrow then's the day.

Lew. Why then to morrow I'll bring the Girl; get you the Writings ready.

Mir. But hark you, Monſieur, have you the virtuous conſcience to help to rob an Heir, an Elder Brother, of that which Nature and the Law flings on him? You were your Fathers eldeſt Son, I take it, and had his Land; would you had had his wit too, or his diſcretion, to conſider nobly, what 'tis to deal unworthily in theſe things; you'll ſay he's none of yours, he's his Son; and he will ſay, he is no Son to inherit above a ſhelf of Books: Why did he get him? why was he brought up to write and read, and know theſe things? why was he not like his Father, a dumb Juſtice? a flat dull piece of phlegm, ſhap'd like a man, a reverend Idol in a piece of Arras? Can you lay diſobedience, want of manners, or any capital crime to his charge?

Lew. I do not, nor do weigh your words, they bite not me, Sir; this man muſt anſwer

Bri. I have don't already, and given ſufficient reaſon to ſecure me: and ſo good morrow, Brother, to your patience.

Lew. Good morrow, Monſieur *Miramont.*

Mir. Good night-caps keep brains warm, or Maggots will breed in 'em. Well, *Charles*, thou ſhalt not want to buy thee Books yet, the faireſt in thy Study are my gift, and the Univerſity of *Lovain*, for thy ſake, hath taſted of my bounty; and to vex the old doting Fool thy Father, and thy Brother, they ſhall not ſhare a *Solz* of mine between them; nay more, I'll give thee eight thouſand Crowns a year, in ſome high ſtrain to write my Epitaph.

ACTUS II. SCÆNA II.

Euſtace, Egremont, Cowſy.

How do I look now, my elder Brother? Nay, 'tis a handſome Suit.

Cow. All Courtly, Courtly.

Euſt. I'll aſſure ye, Gentlemen, my Tailor has travell'd, and ſpeaks as lofty Language in his Bills too; the cover of an old Book would not ſhew thus. Fie, fie; what things theſe Academicks are? theſe Book-worms, how they look! *Egre.*

Egre. Th're meer Images, no gentle motion or behaviour in'm; they'll prattle ye of *Primum Mobile*, and tell a ſtory of the ſtate of Heaven, what Lords and Ladies govern in ſuch Houſes, and what wonders they do when they meet together, and how they ſpit Snow, Fire, and Hail, like a Jugler, and make a noiſe when they are drunk, which we call Thunder.

Cow. They are the ſneaking'ſt things, and the contemptibleſt; Such Small-beer brains, but ask 'em any thing out of the Element of their underſtanding, and they ſtand gaping like a roaſted Pig: do they know what a Court is, or a Councel, or how the affairs of Chriſtendom are manag'd? Do they know any thing but a tired Hackney? and they cry abſurd as the Horſe underſtood 'em. They have made a fair Youth of your Elder Brother, a pretty piece of fleſh.

Euſt. I thank 'em for't, long may he ſtudy to give me his Eſtate. Saw you my Miſtris?

Egr. Yes, ſhe's a ſweet young Woman; but be ſure you keep her from Learning.

Euſt. Songs ſhe may have, and read a little unbak'd Poetry, ſuch as the Dablers of our time contrive, that has no weight nor wheel to move the mind, nor indeed nothing but an empty ſound; ſhe ſhall have cloathes, but not made by Geometry; Horſes and Coach, but of no immortal Race: I will not have a Scholar in my houſe above a gentle Reader; they corrupt the fooliſh Women with their ſubtle Problems; I'll have my houſe call'd ignorance, to fright prating Philoſophers from Entertainment.

Cow. It will do well, love thoſe that love good faſhions, good cloathes, and rich; they invite men to admire 'em, that ſpeak the liſp of Court. Oh 'tis great Learning! to Ride well, Dance well, Sing well, or Whiſtle Courtly, th'are rare endowments; that they have ſeen far Countreys, and can ſpeak ſtrange things, though they ſpeak no truths, for then they make things common. When are you marri'd?

Euſt. To morrow, I think; we muſt have a Maſque, Boys, and of our own making.

Egre. Tis not half an hours work, a *Cupid*, and a Fiddle, and the thing's done: but let's be handſome, ſhall's be Gods or Nymphs?

Euſt.

Eust. What, Nymphs with Beards?

Cow. That's true, we'll be Knights then; some wandring Knights, that light here on a sudden.

Eust. Let's go, let's go, I must go visit, Gentlemen, and mark what sweet lips I must kiss to morrow. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS II. SCÆNA III.

Cook, Andrew, Butler.

And how do's my Master?

And. He's at's Book; peace, Coxcomb, that such an unlearned tongue as thine should ask for him!

Co. Do's he not study conjuring too?

And. Have you lost any Plate, *Butler?*

But. No, but I know I shall to morrow at dinner.

And. Then to morrow you shall be turn'd out of your place for't; we meddle with no spirit o'th' Buttry, they taste too small for us; keep me a Pie *in Folio*, I beseech thee, and thou shalt see how learnedly I'll translate him. Shal's have good cheer to morrow?

Co. Excellent good cheer, *Andrew.*

And. The spight on't is, that much about that time, I shall be arguing, or deciding rather, which are the Males or Females of Red Herrings, and whether they be taken in the Red-Sea onely; a question found out by *Copernicus*, the learned Motion-maker.

Co. I marry, *Butler*, here are rare things; a man that look'd upon him, would swear he understood no more than we do.

But. Certain, a learned *Andrew.*

And. I've so much on't, and am so loaden with strong understanding, I fear, they'll run me mad. Here's a new Instrument, a Mathematical Glister to purge the Moon with, when she is laden with cold phlegmatick humors; and here's another to remove the Stars, when they grow too thick in the Firmament.

Co. O Heavens! why do I labour out my life in a Beef-pot? and onely search the secrets of a Sallad, and know no farther?

And. They are not reveal'd to all heads; these are far above your Element of Fire, *Cook.* I could tell you of *Archimedes* Glass, to fire your Coals with; and of the Philosophers Turf, that never

goes out: and, *Gilbert Butler*, I could ravish thee with two rare inventions.

But. What are they, *Andrew?*

And. The one to blanch your Bread from chippings base, and in a moment, as thou would'st an Almond; the Sect of the Epicureans invented that: The other for thy Trenchers, that's a strong one, to cleanse you twenty dozen in a minute, and no noise heard, which is the wonder, *Gilbert*; and this was out of *Plato*'s new *Idea's*.

But. Why, what a learned Master do'st thou serve, *Andrew?*

And. These are but the scrapings of his understanding, *Gilbert*; with gods and goddesses, and such strange people he deals, and treats with in so plain a fashion, as thou do'st with thy Boy that draws thy drink, or *Ralph* there, with his Kitchin-Boys and Scalders.

Co. But why should he not be familiar, and talk sometimes, as other Christians do, of hearty matters, and come into the Kitchin, and there cut his Breakfast?

But. And then retire to the Buttry, and there eat it, and drink a lusty Bowl to my young Master, that must be now the Heir, he'll do all these, I and be drunk too; these are mortal things.

And. My Master studies immortality.

Co. Now thou talk'st of immortality, how do's thy Wife, *Andrew?* my old Master did you no small pleasure when he procur'd her, and stock'd you in a Farm. If he should love her now, as he hath a Colts tooth yet, what says your Learning and your strange Instruments to that, my *Andrew?* Can any of your learned Clerks avoid it? can ye put by his Mathematical Engine?

And. Yes, or I'll break it: thou awaken'st me, and I'll peep i'th' Moon this month but I'll watch for him. My Master rings, I must go make him a fire, and conjure o'er his Books.

Co. Adieu, good *Andrew*, and send thee manly patience with thy learning. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS II. SCÆNA IV.

Charles.

I have forgot to eat and sleep with reading, and all my faculties turn

turn into ſtudy; 'tis meat and ſleep; what need I outward garments, when I can cloath my ſelf with underſtanding? The Stars and glorious Planets have no Tailors, yet ever new they are, and ſhine like Courtiers. The Seaſons of the year find no fond Parents, yet ſome are arm'd in ſilver Ice that gliſters, and ſome in gawdy Green come in like Maſquers. The Silk-worm ſpins her own ſuit and lodging, and has no aid nor partner in her labours. Why ſhould we care for any thing but knowledge, or look upon the World but to contemn it?

Enter Andrew.

And. Would you have any thing?

Char. Andrew, I find there is a flie grown o'er the Eye o'th' *Bull*, which will go near to blind the Conſtellation.

And. Put a Gold-ring in's noſe, and that will cure him.

Char. Ariadne's Crown's away too; two main Stars that held it faſt are ſlipt out.

And. Send it preſently to *Gallatteo*, the Italian Star-wright, he'll ſet it right again with little labour.

Char. Thou art a pretty Scholar.

And. I hope I ſhall be; have I ſwept Books ſo often to know nothing?

Char. I hear thou art married.

And. It hath pleas'd your Father to match me to a Maid of his own chuſing; I doubt her Conſtellation's looſe too, and wants nailing; and a ſweet Farm he has given us a mile off, Sir.

Char. Marry thy ſelf to underſtanding, *Andrew*; theſe Women are *Errata* in all Authors, they're fair to ſee to, and bound up in Vellam, ſmooth, white and clear, but their contents are monſtrous; they treat of nothing but dull age and diſeaſes. Thou haſt not ſo much wit in thy head, as there is on thoſe ſhelves, *Andrew*.

And. I think I have not, Sir.

Char. No, if thou had'ſt, thou'ld'ſt ne'er married a Woman in thy boſome, thy're Cataplaſms made o'th' deadly ſins: I ne'er ſaw any yet but mine own Mother; or if I did, I did regard them but as ſhadows that paſs by of under creatures.

Char. Shall I bring you one? I'll trust you with my own Wife; but by no means have your Brother go beyond ye; there are pretty Natural Philosophers to play with.

Char. No, no, there are Opticks to delude mens eyes with. Does my younger Brother speak any Greek yet, *Andrew?*

And. No, but he speaks High Dutch, and that goes daintily.

Char. Reach me the Books down I read yesterday, and make a little fire, and get a matchet; make clean those Instruments of Brass I shew'd you, and set the great Sphere by; then take the Fox tail, and purge the Books from dust; last, take your *Lilly*, and get your part ready.

And. Shall I go home, Sir? my Wife's name is *Lilly*, there my best part lies, Sir.

Char. I mean your Grammar, O thou Dunderhead! would'st thou be ever in thy Wife's *Syntaxis*? Let me have no noise, nor nothing to disturb me; I am to find a secret.

And. So am I too; which if I find, I shall make some smart for't——— *Exeunt.*

Actus III. *Scæna* I.

Lewis, Angellina, Sylvia, Notary.

Lew. This is the day, my Daughter *Angellina* the happy, that must make you a Fortune, a large and full one, my care has wrought it, and yours must be as great to entertain it. Young *Eustace* is a Gentleman at all points, and his behaviour affable and courtly, his person excellent; I know you find that, I read it in your eyes, you like his youth; young handsome people should be match'd together, then follows handsome Children, handsome fortunes; the most part of his Father's Estate, my Wench, is ti'd in a Jointure, that makes up the harmony; and when ye are married, he's of that soft temper, and so fair will be chain'd to your observance, that you may rule and turn him as you please. What, are the Writings drawn on your side, Sir?

Not. They are, and here I have so letter'd him, that if the

Elder Brother ſet his hand to, not all the power of Law [illegible] releaſe him.

Lew. Theſe Notaries are notable confident Knaves, and able to do more miſchief than Army. Are all your Clauſes ſure?

Not. Sure as proportion; they may turn Rivers ſooner than theſe Writings.

Lew. Why did you not put all the Lands in, Sir?

Not. 'Twas not condition'd; if it had been found, it had been but a fault made in the Writing; if not found, all the Land.

Lew. Theſe are ſmall Devils, that care not who has miſchief, ſo they make it; they live upon the meer ſcent of diſſention. 'Tis well, 'tis well; are you contented, Girl? for your will muſt be known.

Ang. A Husband's welcome, and as an humble Wife I'll entertain him; no Sovereignty I aim at, 'tis the man's, Sir; for ſhe that ſeeks it, kills her Husbands Honour: The Gentleman I have ſeen, and well obſerv'd him, yet find not that grac'd excellence you promiſe; a pretty Gentleman, and he may pleaſe too, and ſome few flaſhes I have heard come from him, but not to admiration as to others: He's young, and may be good, yet he muſt make it, and I may help, and help to thank him alſo. It is your pleaſure I ſhould make him mine, and 't has been ſtill my duty to obſerve you.

Lew. Why then let's go, and I ſhall love your modeſty. To Horſe, and bring the Coach out, *Angellina*; to-morrow you will look more womanly.

Ang. So I look honeſtly, I fear no eyes, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. SCÆNA II.

Briſac, Andrew, Cook, Lilly.

Wait on your Maſter, he ſhall have that befits him.

And. No Inheritance, Sir?

Bri. You ſpeak like a fool, a coxcomb; he ſhall have annual means to buy him Books, and find him cloathes and meat, what would he more? Trouble him with Land, 'tis flat againſt his nature. I love him too, and honour thoſe gifts in him.

And. Shall Maſter *Euſtace* have all?

Bri.

Bri. All, all; he knows how to uſe it, he's a man bred in the world, th'other i'th'Heavens. My Maſters, pray be wary, and ſerviceable; and *Cook*, ſee all your Sawces be ſharp and poynant in the pallat, that they may commend you; look to your Roaſt and Bak'd meats handſomely, and what new Kickſhaws and delicate made things—— Is th'Muſick come?

But. Yes, Sir, th'are here at Breakfaſt.

Bri. There will be a Maſque too; you muſt ſee this Room clean, and, *Butler*, your door open to all good-fellows; but have an eye to your Plate, for there be Furies; my *Lilly*, welcome you are for the Linen, ſort it, and ſee it ready for the Table, and ſee the Bride-bed made, and look the cords be not cut aſſunder by the Gallants too, there be ſuch knacks abroad. Hark hither, *Lilly*, to morrow night at twelve a clock I'll ſup w'ye; your Husband ſhall be ſafe, I'll ſend ye meat too; before I cannot well ſlip from my company.

And. Will yè ſo, will you ſo, Sir? I'll make one to eat it, I may chance make you ſtagger too.

Bri. No anſwer, *Lilly?*

Lil. One word about the Linen; I'll be ready, and reſt your Worſhips ſtill.

And. And I'll reſt w'ye, you ſhall ſee what reſt 'twill be. Are ye ſo nimble? a man had need have ten pair of ears to watch you.

Bri. Wait on your Maſter, for I know he wants ye, and keep him in his Study, that the noiſe do not moleſt him. I will not fail my *Lilly*—— Come in, ſweet-hearts, all to their ſeveral duties. [*Exeunt.*

And. Are you kiſſing ripe, Sir? Double but my Farm, and kiſs her till thy heart ake. Theſe Smock-vermine, how eagerly they leap at old mens kiſſes, they lick their lips at profit, not at pleaſure; and if't were not for the ſcurvy name of Cuckold, he ſhould lie with her. I know ſhe'll labour at length with a good Lordſhip. If he had a Wife now, but that's all one, I'll fit him. I muſt up unto my Maſter, he'll be mad with Study---[*Exit.*

ACTUS

ACTUS III. SCÆNA III.

Charles.

What a noiſe is in this houſe? my head is broken, within a Parentheſis, in every corner, as if the earth were ſhaken with ſome ſtrange Collect, there are ſtirs and motions. What Planet rules this houſe?

Enter Andrew.

Who's there?

And. 'Tis I, Sir, faithful *Andrew.*

Char. Come near, and lay thine ear down; hear'ſt no noiſe?

And. The Cooks are chopping herbs and mince-meat to make Pies, and breaking Marrow-bones----

Char. Can they ſet them again?

And. Yes, yes, in Broths and Puddings, and they grow ſtronger for the uſe of any man.

Char. What ſpeaking's that? ſure there's a Maſſacre.

And. Of Pigs and Geeſe, Sir, and Turkeys, for the ſpit. The Cooks are angry Sirs, and that makes up the medley.

Char. Do they thus at every Dinner? I ne'er mark'd them yet, nor know who is a Cook.

And. Th'are ſometimes ſober, and then they beat as gently as a Tabor.

Char. What loads are theſe?

And. Meat, meat, Sir, for the Kitchen, and ſtinking Fouls the Tenants have ſent in; they'll ne'r be found out a a general eating; and there's fat Veniſon, Sir.

Char. What's that?

And. Why Deer, thoſe that men fatten for their private pleaſures, and ſet their Tenants ſtarve upon the Commons.

Char. I've read of Deer, but yet I ne'er eat any any.

And. There's a Eiſhmongers Boy with Caviar, Sir, Anchoves, and Potargo, to make ye drink.

Char. Sure theſe are modern, very modern meats, for I underſtand 'em not.

And.

And. No more does any man from Caca merda, or a ſubſtance worſe, till they be greas'd with Oyl, and rubb'd with Onions, and then fling out of doors, they are rare Sallads.

Char. And why is all this, prethee tell me, *Andrew*? are there any Princes to dine here to day? by this abundance ſure there ſhould be Princes; I've read of entertainment for the gods at half this charge; will not ſix Diſhes ſerve 'em? I never had but one, and that a ſmall one.

And. Your Brother's marri'd this day; he's marri'd, your younger Brother *Euſtace.*

Char. What of that?

And. And all the Friends about are bidden hither; there's not a Dog that knows the houſe, but comes too.

Char. Marri'd! to whom?

And. Why to a dainty Gentlewoman, young, ſweet, and modeſt.

Char. Are there modeſt women? how do they look?

And. O you'll bleſs your ſelf to ſee them. He parts with's Book, he ne'er did ſo before yet.

Char. What does my Father for 'em?

And. Gives all his Land, and makes your Brother Heir.

Char. Muſt I have nothing?

And. Yes, you muſt ſtudy ſtill, and he'll maintain you.

Char. I am his eldeſt Brother.

And. True, you were ſo; but he has leap'd o'er your ſhoulders, Sir.

Char. 'Tis well; he'll not inherit my underſtanding too?

And. I think not; he'll ſcarce find Tenants to let it out to.

Char. Hark! hark!

And. The Coach that brings the fair Lady.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, *Ladies, Notary, &c.*

And. Now you may ſee her.

Char. Sure this ſhould be modeſt, but I do not truly know what women make of it, *Andrew*; ſhe has a face looks like a ſtory, the ſtory of the Heavens looks very like her.

And. She has a wide face then.

Char.

Char. She has a Cherubins, cover'd and vail'd with modeſt bluſhes. *Euſtace*, be happy, whiles poor *Charles* is patient. Get me my Books again, and come in with me ——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Briſac, Euſtace, Egremont, Cowcy, Miramont.

Bri. Welcome, ſweet Daughter; welcome, noble Brother; and you are welcome, Sir, with all your Writings; Ladies, moſt welcome: What, my angry Brother! you muſt be welcome too, the Feaſt is flat elſe.

Mir. I am not come for your welcome, I expect none; I bring no joys to bleſs the Bed withall; nor Songs, nor Maſques to glorifie the Nuptials; I bring an angry mind to ſee your folly, a ſharp one too, to reprehend you for it.

Bri. You'll ſtay and dine though.

Mir. All your meat ſmells muſty, your Table will ſhew nothing to content me.

Bri. I'll anſwer you, here's good meat.

Mir. But your ſauce is ſcurvie, it is not ſeaſon'd with the ſharpneſs of diſcretion.

Euſt. It ſeems your anger is at me, dear Uncle.

Mir. Thou art not worth my anger, th'art a Boy, a lump o'thy Father's lightneſs, made of nothing but antick cloathes and cringes; look in thy head, and 'twill appear a foot-ball full of fumes and rotten ſmoke. Lady, I pity you; you are a handſome and a ſweet young Lady, and ought to have a handſom man yok'd t'ye, an underſtanding too; this is a Gimerack, that can get nothing but new faſhions on you; for ſay he have a thing ſhap'd like a child, 'twill either prove a Tumbler or a Tailor.

Euſt. Theſe are but harſh words, Uncle.

Mir. So I mean 'em. Sir, you play harſher play w'your elder Brother.

Euſt. I would be loath to give you.

Mir. Do not venture, I'll make your wedding cloaths ſit cloſer t'yee then; I but diſturb you, I'll go ſee my Nephew.

Lew. Pray take a piece of Roſemary.

Mir. I'll wear it, but for the Ladies ſake, and none of yours; may be I'll ſee your Table too.

Bri. Pray do, Sir.

Ang. A mad old Gentleman.

Bri. Yes faith, ſweet Daughter, he has been thus his whole age, to my knowledge; he has made *Charles* his Heir, I know that certainly; then why ſhould he grudge *Euſtace* any thing?

Ang. I would not have a light head, nor one laden with too much learning, as, they ſay, this *Charles* is, that makes his Book his Miſtris: Sure there's ſomething hid in this old man's anger, that declares him not a meer ſot.

Bri. Come, ſhall we go and ſeal, Brother? all things are ready, and the Prieſt is here. When *Charles* has ſet his hand unto the Writings, as he ſhall inſtantly, then to the Wedding, and ſo to dinner.

Lew. Come, let's ſeal the Book firſt for my Daughters Jointure.

Bri. Let's be private in't, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. SCÆNA IV.

Enter Charles, Miramont, Andrew.

Mir. Nay, y'are undone.

Char. Hum.

Mir. Ha'ye no greater feeling?

And. You were ſenſible of the great Book, Sir, when it fell on your head, and now the houſe is ready to fall, Do you fear nothing?

Char. Will he have my Books too?

Mir. No, he has a Book, a fair one too, to read on, and read wonders; I would thou hadſt her in thy Study, Nephew, and twere but to new-ſtring her.

Char. Yes, I ſaw her, and me thought 'twas a curious piece of Learning, handſomely bound, and of a dainty Letter.

And. He flung away his Book.

Mir. I like that in him; would he had flung away his dulneſs too, and ſpake to her.

Char. And muſt my Brother have all?

Mir. All that your Father has.

Char. And that fair woman too?

Mir. That woman alſo.

Char.

Char. He has enough then. May I not ſee her ſometimes, and call her Siſter? I will do him no wrong.

Mir. This makes me mad, I could now cry for anger: theſe old Fools are the moſt ſtubborn and the wilfulleſt Coxcombs; Farewell, and fall to your Book, forget your Brother: you are my Heir, and I'll provide y'a Wife: I'll look upon this marriage, though I hate it. [*Exit.*

Enter Briſac.

Where is my Son?

And. There, Sir, caſting a Figure what chopping children his Brother ſhall have.

Bri. He does well. How do'ſt, *Charles?* ſtill at thy Book?

And. He's ſtudying now, Sir, who ſhall be his Father.

Bri. Peace, you rude Knave —— Come hither, *Charles*, be merry.

Char. I thank you, I am buſie at my Book, Sir.

Bri. You muſt put your hand, my *Charles*, as I would have you, unto a little piece of Parchment here: onely your name; you write a reaſonable hand.

Char. But I may do unreaſonably to write it. What is it, Sir?

Bri. To paſs the Land I have, Sir, unto your younger Brother.

Char. Is't no more?

Bri. No, no, 'tis nothing; you ſhall be provided for, and new Books you ſhall have ſtill, and new Studies, and have your means brought in without thy care, Boy, and one ſtill to attend you.

Char. This ſhews your love, Father.

Bri. I'm tender to you.

And. Like a ſtone, I take it.

Char. Why Father, I'll go down, an't pleaſe you let me, becauſe I'd ſee the thing they call the Gentlewoman; I ſee no woman but through contemplation, and there I'll do't before the company, and wiſh my Brother fortune.

Bri. Do, I prethee.

Char. I muſt not ſtay, for I have things above require my ſtudy.

Bri. No, thou ſhalt not ſtay; thou ſhalt have a brave dinner too.

And. Now has he o'erthrown himself for ever; I will down into the Cellar, and be ſtark drunk for anger. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. SCÆNA V.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Euſtace, *Prieſt*, *Ladies*, Cowcy, *Notary*, Miramont.

Not. Come, let him bring his Sons hand, and all's done. Is your's ready?

Pr. Yes, I'll diſpatch ye preſently, immediately, for in truth I am a hungry.

Euſt. Do, ſpeak apace, for we believe exactly: do not we ſtay long, Miſtris?

Ang. I find no fault, better things well done, than want time to do them. Uncle, why are you ſad?

Mir Sweet ſmelling bloſſom, would I were thine Uncle to thine own content, I'd make thy Husband's ſtate a thouſand better, a yearly thouſand. Thou haſt miſt a man, (but that he is addicted to his ſtudy, and knows no other Miſtris than his mind) would weigh down bundles of theſe empty kexes.

Ang. Can he ſpeak, Sir?

Mir. Faith yes, but not to women; his language is to Heaven, and heavenly wonder; to Nature, and her dark and ſecret cauſes.

Ang. And does he ſpeak well there?

Mir. O admirably; but he's too baſhful to behold a woman, there's none that ſees him, and he troubles none.

Ang. He is a man.

Mir. Faith yes, and a clear ſweet ſpirit.

Ang. Then converſation me-thinks ——

Mir. So think I; but it is his rugged Fate, and ſo I leave you.

Ang. I like thy nobleneſs.

Euſt. See my mad Uncle is courting my fair Miſtreſs.

Lew. Let him alone; there's nothing that allays an angry mind ſoſoon as a ſweet Beauty: he'll come to us.

Enter Briſac, Charles.

Euſt. My Father's here, my Brother too! that's a wonder, broke like a Spirit from his Cell. *Bri.*

Bri. Come hither, come nearer, *Charles*; 'twas your desire to see my noble Daughter, and the company, and give your Brother joy, and then to Seal, Boy, you do like a good Brother.

Lew. Marry does he, and he shall have my love for ever for't. Put to your hand now.

Not. Here's the Deed, Sir, ready.

Char. No, you must pardon me a while, I tell ye, I am in contemplation, do not trouble me.

Bri. Come, leave thy Study, *Charles*.

Char. I'll leave my life first; I study now to be a man, I've found it. Before what Man was, was but my Argument.

Mir. I like this best of all, he has taken fire, his dull mist flies away.

Eust. Will you write, Brother?

Char. No, Brother, no; I have no time for poor things, I'm taking the height of that bright Constellation.

Bri. I say you trifle time, Son.

Char. I will not seal, Sir; I am your Eldest, and I'll keep my Birth-right, for Heaven forbid I should become example: Had y'onely shew'd me Land, I had deliver'd it, and been a proud man to have parted with it; 'tis dirt, and labour. Do I speak right, Uncle?

Mir. Bravely, my Boy, and bless thy tongue.

Char. I'll forward: but you have open'd to me such a treasure, I find my mind free; Heaven direct my fortune.

Mir. Can he speak now? Is this a Son to sacrifice?

Char. Such an inimitable piece of Beauty, that I have studied long, and now found onely, that I'll part sooner with my soul of Reason, and be a Plant, a Beast, a Fish, a Flie, and onely make the number of things up, than yield to one foot of Land, if she be ti'd to't.

Lew. He speaks unhappily.

Ang. And methinks bravely. This the meer Scholar?

Eust. You but vex your self, Brother, and vex your Study too.

Char. Go you and Study, for 'tis time, young *Eustace*; you want both man and manners; I've study'd both, although I made no shew on't. Go turn the Volumes over I have read, eat, and digest them, that they may grow in thee; wear out the tedious night

night with thy dim Lamp, and sooner lose the day, than leave a doubt. Distill the sweetness from the Poets Spring, and learn to love; thou know'st not what fair is: Traverse the stories of the great Heroes, the wise and civil lives of good men walk through; thou hast seen nothing but the face of Countreys, and brought home nothing but their empty words: why shouldst thou wear a Jewel of this worth, that hast no worth within thee to preserve her?

Beauty clear and fair,
where the air
Rather like a perfume dwells,
Where the Violet and the Rose
The blue Veins in blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else.

Where to live near,
And planted there,
Is to live, and still live new;
Where to gain a favour is
More than light, perpetual bliss,
Make me live by serving you.

Dear again back recall
To this light,
A stranger to himself and all;
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the glory;
I am your servant and your thrall.

Mir Speak such another Ode, and take all yet. What say ye to the Scholar now?

Ang. I wonder; is he your Brother, Sir?

Eust. Yes, would he were buried; I fear he'll make an Ass of me a younger.

Ang. Speak not so softly, Sir, 'tis very likely.

Eust. Come, leave your finical talk, and let's dispatch, *Charles.*

Char. Dispatch, what?

Bri.

Bri. Why the Land.

Char. You are deceiv'd, Sir. Now I perceive what 'tis that woes a woman, and what maintains her when she's woo'd: I'll stop here. A wilful poverty ne'er made a Beauty, nor want of means maintain'd it virtuously: Though land and moneys be no happiness, yet they are counted good additions. That use I'll make; he that neglects a blessing, though he want a present knowledge how to use it, neglects himself. May be I have done you wrong, Lady, whose love and hope went hand in hand together; may be my Brother, that has long expected the happy hour, and bless'd my ignorance; pray give me leave, Sir, I shall clear all doubts; Why did they shew me you? pray tell me that?

(*Mir.* He'll talk thee into a pension for thy knavery.)

Char. You, happy you, why did you break unto me? The Rosie sugred morn ne'er broke so sweetly: I am a man, and have desires within me, affections too, though they were drown'd a while, and lay dead, till the Spring of Beauty rais'd them; till I saw those eyes, I was but a lump, a chaos of confusedness dwelt in me; then from those eyes shot Love, and he distinguish'd, and into form he drew my faculties; and now I know my Land, and now I love too.

Bri. We had best remove the Maid.

Char. It is too late, Sir. I have her figure here. Nay frown not, *Eustace*, there are less worthy Souls for younger Brothers; this is no form of Silk, but Sanctity, which wild lascivious hearts can never dignifie. Remove her where you will, I walk along still, for, like the light, we make no separation; you may sooner part the Billows of the Sea, and put a barr betwixt their fellowships, than blot out my remembrance; sooner shut old Time into a Den, and stay his motion, wash off the swift hours from his downy wings, or steal Eternity to stop his glass, than shut the sweet Idea I have in me. Room for an elder Brother, pray give place, Sir.

Mir. H'as studied duel too; take heed, he'll beat thee. H'as frighted the old Justice into a Feaver; I hope he'll disinherit him too for an Ass; for though he be grave with years, he's a great Baby.

Char.

Char. Do not you think me mad?

Ang. No certain, Sir, I have heard nothing from you but things excellent.

Char. You look upon my cloathes, and laugh at me, my ſcurvy cloathes!

Ang. They have rich limings, Sir. I would your Brother——

Char. His are gold and gawdie.

Ang. But touch 'em inwardly, they ſmell of Copper.

Char. Can ye love me? I am an Heir, ſweet Lady, however I appear a poor dependent; love you with honour, I ſhall love ſo ever. Is your eye ambitious? I may be a great man; is't wealth or lands you covet? my Father muſt die.

Mir. That was well put in, I hope he'll take it deeply.

Char. Old men are not immortal, as I take it; is it, you look for, youth and handſomneſs? I do confeſs my Brother's a handſome Gentleman, but he ſhall give me leave to lead the way, Lady. Can you love for love, and make that the reward? The old man ſhall not love his heaps of Gold with a more doting ſuperſtition, than I'll love you. The young man his delights, the Merchant, when he ploughs the angry Sea up, and ſees the mountain-billows falling on him, as if all the Elements, and all their angers, were turn'd into one vow'd deſtruction; ſhall not with greater joy embrace his ſafety. We'll live together like two wanton Vines, circling our ſouls and loves in one another, we'll ſpring together, and we'll bear one fruit; one joy ſhall make us ſmile, and one grief mourn; one age go with us, and one hour of death ſhall ſhut our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

Ang. And one hand ſeal the Match, I'm yours for ever.

Lew. Nay, ſtay, ſtay, ſtay.

Ang. Nay certainly, 'tis done, Sir.

Bri. There was a contract.

Ang. Onely conditional, that if he had the Land, he had my love too; this Gentleman's the Heir, and he'll maintain it. Pray be not angry, Sir, at what I ſay; or if you be, 'tis at your own adventure. You have the out-ſide of a pretty Gentleman, but by my troth your inſide is but barren; 'tis not a face I onely am in love with, nor will I ſay your face is excellent, a reaſonable hunting face to court the wind with; nor th'are not words, unleſs

unleſs they be well plac'd too, nor your ſweet Dam-mes, nor your hired Verſes, nor telling me of Clothes, nor Coach and Horſes, no nor your viſits each day in new Suits, nor your black Patches you wear variouſly, ſome cut like Stars, ſome in Half-moons, ſome Lozenges, (all which but ſhew you ſtill a younger Brother.)

Mir. Gramercy, Wench, thou haſt a noble Soul too.

Ang. Nor your long travels, nor your little knowledge, can make me doat upon you. Faith go ſtudy, and glean ſome goodneſs, that you may ſhew manly; your Brother at my ſuit I'm ſure will teach you; or onely ſtudy how to get a Wife, Sir. Y'are caſt far behind, 'tis good you ſhould be melancholly, it ſhews like a Gameſter that had loſt his money; and 'tis the faſhion to wear your arm in a skarf, Sir, for you have had a ſhrewd cut o'er the fingers.

Lew. But are y'in earneſt?

Ang. Yes, believe me, Father, you ſhall ne'er chooſe for me; y'are old and dim, Sir, and th'ſhaddow of the earth eclips'd your judgment. Y'have had your time without control, dear Father, and you muſt give me leave to take mine now, Sir.

Bri. This is the laſt time of asking, Will you ſet your hand to?

Char. This is the laſt time of anſwering, I will never.

Bri. Out of my doors.

Char. Moſt willingly.

Mir. He ſhall, Jew, thou of the Tribe of *Man-y-aſſes*, Coxcomb, and never trouble thee more till thy chops be cold, fool.

Ang. Muſt I be gone too?

Lew. I will never know thee.

Ang. Then this man will; what Fortune he ſhall run, Father. be't good or bad, I muſt partake it with him.

Enter Egremont.

When ſhall the Maſque begin?

Euſt. 'Tis done already; all, all is broken off, I am undone, Friend, my Brother's wife again, and has ſpoil'd all, will not releaſe the Land, has won the Wench too.

Egre. Could he not ſtay till the Maſque was paſt? w'are ready.

What a skirvy trick's this?

Mir. O you may vaniſh, perform it at ſome Hall, where the Citizens Wives may ſee't for Six-pence a piece, and a cold Supper. Come, let's go, *Charles*. And now, my noble Daughter, I'll ſell the Tiles of my Houſe, ere thou ſhalt want, Wench. Rate up your dinner, Sir, and ſell it, cheap; ſome younger Brother will take't up in Commodities. Send you joy, Nephew *Euſtace*; if you ſtudy the Law, keep your great Pippin-pies, they'll go far with ye.

Char. I'd have your bleſſing.

Bri. No, no, meet me no more. Farewel, thou wilt blaſt mine eyes elſe.

Char. I will not.

Lew. Nor ſend not you for Gowns.

Ang. I'll wear courſe Flannel firſt.

Bri. Come, let's go take ſome counſel.

Lew. 'Tis too late.

Bri. Then ſtay and dine; it may be we ſhall vex 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Actus IV. *Scæna* I.

Enter Briſac, Euſtace, Egremont, Cowſy.

NE'er talk to me, you are no men but Maſquers; ſhapes, ſhadows, and the ſigns of men, Court bubbles, that every breath or breaks or blows away. You have no ſouls, no metall in your bloods, no heat to ſtir ye when ye have occaſion: frozen dull things, that muſt be turn'd with Leavers. Are you the Courtiers, and the travell'd Gallants? the ſpritely Fellows that the people talk of. Ye have no more ſpirit than three ſleepy ſopes.

Euſt. What would ye have me do, Sir?

Bri. Follow your Brother, and get ye out of doors, and ſeek your Fortune. Stand ſtill becalm'd, and let an aged Dotard, a hair-brain'd Puppy, and a Bookiſh Boy, that never knew a Blade above a Pen-knife, and how to cut his meat in Characters, croſs my

my deſign, and take thine own Wench from thee, in mine own houſe too? Thou deſpis'd poor fellow!

Euſt. The reverence that I ever bare to you, Sir, then to my Uncle, with whom 't had been but ſawcineſs t' have been ſo rough———

Egre. And we not ſeeing him ſtrive in his own cauſe, that was principal, and ſhould have led us on, thought it ill manners to begin a quarrel here.

Bri. You dare do nothing. Do you make your care the excuſe of your cowardlineſs? Three Boys on Hobby-horſes, with three penny Halberds, would beat you all.

Cow. You muſt not ſay ſo.

Bri. Yes, and ſing it too.

Cow. You are a man of peace, therefore we muſt give way.

Bri. I'll make my way, and therefore quickly leave me, or I'll force you; and having firſt torn off your flanting feathers, I'll trample on 'em; and if that cannot teach you to quit my houſe, I'll kick ye out of my gates; you gawdy Glow-worms, carrying ſeeming fire, yet have no heat within ye.

Cow. O bleſt travel! how much we owe thee for our power to ſuffer?

Egre. ſome ſplenative Youths now, that had never ſeen more than thy Country ſmoak, will grow in choler; it would ſhew fine in us.

Euſt. Yes marry would it, that are prime Courtiers, and muſt know no angers, but give thanks for our injuries, if we purpoſe to hold our places.

Bri. Will you find the door? and find it ſuddenly; you ſhall lead the way, Sir, with your perfum'd retinue, and cover the now loſt *Angellina*, or build on it; I will adopt ſome beggar's doubtful iſſue, before thou ſhal inherit.

Euſt. We'll to counſel, and what may be done by man's wit or valour, we'll put in execution.

Bri. Do, or never hope I ſhall know thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lewis.

Lew. O Sir, have I found you?

Bri. I never hid my ſelf; whence flows this fury, with which, as it appears, you come to fright me?

Lew. I ſmell a plot, meer conſpiracy among ye all to defeat me of my Daughter; and if ſhe be not ſuddenly deliver'd, untainted in her reputation too, the beſt of *France* ſhall know how I am jugled with. She is my Heir, and if ſhe may be raviſh'd thus from my care, farewell Nobility; Honour and Blood are meer neglected nothings.

Bri. Nay then, my Lord, you go too far, and tax him, whoſe innocency underſtands not what fear is. If your unconſtant Daughter will not dwell on certainties, muſt you thenceforth conclude that I am fickle? what have I omitted, to make good my integrity and truth? nor can her lightneſs, nor your ſuppoſion, caſt an aſperſion on me.

Lew. I am wounded in fact, nor can words cure it: do not trifle, but ſpeedily, once more I do repeat it, reſtore my Daughter as I brought her hither, or you ſhall hear from me in ſuch a kind, as you will bluſh to anſwer.

Bri. All the world, I think, conſpires to vex me, yet I will not torment my ſelf: ſome ſprightful mirth muſt baniſh the rage and melancholly which hath almoſt choak'd me; t' a knowing man 'tis Phyſick, and 'tis thought on; one merry hour I'll have in ſpight of Fortune, to chear my heart, and this is that appointed; this night I'll hug my *Lilly* in mine arms, provocatives are ſent before to chear me, we old men need 'em, and though we pay dear for our ſtoln pleaſures, ſo it be done ſecurely, the charge, much like a ſharp ſauce, gives 'em reliſh. Well, honeſt *Andrew*, I gave you a Farm, and it ſhall have a Beacon, to give warning to my other Tenants when the Foe approaches; and preſently, you being beſtowed elſe-where, I'll graff it with dexterity on your forehead; indeed I will, *Lilly*, I come, poor *Andrew*. [*Exit.*

ACTUS IV. SCÆNA II.

Enter Miramont, Andrew.

Do they chafer roundly?

And. As they were rubb'd with Soap, Sir, and now they ſwear aloud, now calm again; like a Ring of Bells, whoſe ſound the wind

wind ſtill alters, and then they ſit in councel what to do, and then they jar again what ſhall be done; they talk of Warrants from the Parliament, Complaints to the King, and Forces from the Province; they have a thouſand heads in a thouſand minutes, yet ne'er a one head worth a head of Garlick.

Mir. Long may they chafe, and long may we laugh at 'em; a couple of pure Puppies yok'd together. But what ſays the young Courtier *Euſtace*, and his two warlike Friends?

And. They ſay but little, how much they think I know not; they look ruefully, as if they had newly come from a vaulting-houſe, and had been quite ſhot through 'tween wind and water by a ſhe *Dunkirk*, and had ſprung a Leak, Sir. Certain my Maſter was to blame.

Mir. Why, *Andrew*?

And. To take away the Wench o'th'ſudden from him, and give him no lawful warning; he is tender, and of a young Girls conſtitution, Sir, ready to get the Green ſickneſs with conceit. Had he but tane his leave in travailing Language, or bought an Elegy of his condolement, that the world might have tane notice, he had been an Aſs, 't had been ſome ſavour.

Mir. Thou ſay'ſt true, wiſe *Andrew*; but theſe Scholars are ſuch things, when they can prattle.

And. And very parlous things, Sir.

Mir. And when gain the liberty to diſtinguiſh the difference 'twixt a Father and a Fool, to look below, and ſpie a younger Brother pruning up, and dreſſing up his expectations in a rare glaſs of beauty, too good for him; thoſe dreaming Scholars then turn Tyrants, *Andrew*, and ſhew no mercy.

And. The more's the pity, Sir.

Mir. Thou told'ſt me of a trick to catch my Brother, and anger him a little farther, *Andrew*. It ſhall be onely anger, I aſſure thee, and little ſhame.

And. And I can fit you, Sir. Hark in your ear.

Mir. Thy Wife?

And. So I aſſure ye; this night at twelve a clock.

Mir. 'Tis neat and handſome; there are twenty Crowns due to thy project, *Andrew*; I've time to viſit *Charles*, and ſee what

Lecture

Lecture he reads to his Miſtris. That done, I'll not fail to be with you.

And. Nor I to watch my Maſter——— [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS IV. SCÆNA III.

Angellina, Sylvia, *with a Taper.*

I'm worſe than e'er I was; for now I fear, that that I love, that that I onely dote on; he follows me through every room I paſs, and with a ſtrong ſet eye he gazes on me, as if his ſpark of innocence were blown into a flame of luſt. Virtue defend me. His Uncle too is abſent, and 'tis night; and what theſe opportunities may teach him——— What fear and endleſs care 'tis to be honeſt! to be a Maid what miſery, what miſchief! Would I were rid of it, ſo it were fairly.

Syl. You need not fear that, will you be a child ſtill? He follows you, but ſtill to look upon you; or if he did deſire to lie with ye, 'tis but your own deſire, you love for that end; I'll lay my life, if he were now a bed w'ye, he is ſo modeſt, he would fall aſleep ſtraight.

Ang. Dare you venture that?

Syl. Let him conſent, and have at ye; I fear him not, he knows not what a woman is, nor how to find the myſtery men aim at. Are you afraid of your own ſhadow, Madam?

Ang. He follows ſtill, yet with a ſober face; would I might know the worſt, and then I were ſatisfied.

Syl. Ye may both, and let him but go with ye.

Char. Why do you flie me? what have I ſo ill about me, or within me, to deſerve it?

Ang. I am going to bed, Sir.

Char. And I am come to light ye; I am a Maid, and 'tis a Maidens office.

Ang. You may have me to bed, Sir, without a ſcruple, and yet I am chary too who comes about me. Two Innocents ſhould not fear one another.

Syl. The Gentleman ſays true. Pluck up your heart, Madam.

Char. The glorious Sun both riſing and declining we boldly look upon; even then, ſweet Lady, when, like a modeſt Bride, he

he draws nights curtains, even then he bluſhes, that men ſhould behold him.

Ang. I fear he will perſwade me to miſtake him.

Syl. 'Tis eaſily done, if you will give your mind to't.

Ang. Pray ye to your bed.

Char. Why not to yours, dear Miſtris? one heart and one bed.

Ang. True, Sir, when 'tis lawful: but yet you know——

Char. I would not know, forget it; thoſe are but ſickly loves that hang on Ceremonies, nurs'd up with doubts and fears; ours high and healthful, full of belief, and fit to teach the Prieſt: Love ſhall ſeal firſt, then hands confirm the bargain.

Ang. I ſhall be an Heretick if this continue. What would you do a bed? you make me bluſh, Sir.

Char. I'd ſee you ſleep, for ſure your ſleeps are excellent, you that are waking ſuch a noted wonder, muſt in your ſlumber prove an admiration. I would behold your dreams too, if 't were poſſible; thoſe were rich ſhowes.

Ang. I am becoming Traitor.

Char. Then like blew *Neptune* courting of an Iſland, where all the perfumes and the precious things that wait upon great Nature are laid up, I'd clip it in my arms, and chaſtly kiſs it, dwell in your boſome like your deareſt thoughts, and ſigh and weep.

Ang. I've too much woman in me.

Char. And thoſe true tears falling on your pure Chryſtals, ſhould turn to Armelets for great Queens t'adore.

Ang. I muſt be gone.

Char. Do not, I will not hurt ye; this is to let you know, my worthieſt Lady, y'have clear'd my mind, and I can ſpeak of love too: Fear not my manners, though I never knew, before theſe few hours, what a Beauty was, and ſuch a one that fires all hearts that feel it; yet I have read of vertuous Temperance, and ſtudy'd it among my other Secrets; and ſooner would I force a ſeparation betwixt this ſpirit and the caſe of fleſh, than but conceive one rudeneſs againſt Chaſtity.

Ang. Then we may walk.

Char. And talk of any thing, any fit for your ears, and my language; though I was bred up dull, I was ever civil; 'tis true, I have

have found it hard to look on you, and not desire, 'twill prove a wise mans task; yet those desires I have so mingled still, and tempered with the quality of honour, that if you should yield, I should hate you for't. I am no Courtier of a light condition, apt to take fire at every beauteous face; that onely serves his will and wantonness, and lets the serious part run by as thin neglected sand. Whiteness of name, you must be mine; why should I rob my self of that that lawfully must make me happy? why should I seek to cuckold my delights, and widow all those sweets I aim at in you? We'll lose our selves in *Venus* Groves of Myrtle, where every little Bird shall be a *Cupid*, and sing of love and youth, each wind that blows, and curls the velvet-leaves, shall breed delights, the wanton Springs shall call us to their banks, and on the perfum'd flowers we'll feast our senses; yet we'll walk by untainted of their pleasures, and as they were pure Temples we'll talk in them,

Ang. To bed, and pray then, we may have a fair end of our fair loves; would I were worthy of you, or of such parents that might give you thanks: But I am poor in all but in your love. Once more, good night.

Char. A good night t'ye, and may the dew of sleep fall gently on you, sweet one, and lock up those fair lights in pleasing slumbers; no dreams but chaste and clear attempt your fancy, and break betimes sweet morn, I've lost my light else.

Ang. Let it be ever night when I lose you.

Syl. This Scholar never went to a Free-School, he's so simple.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your Brother, with two Gallants, is at door, Sir, and they're so violent, they'll take no denial.

Ang. This is no fit time of night.

Char. Let 'em in, Mistris.

Serv. They stay no leave; shall I raise the house on 'em?

Char. Not a man, nor make no murmur of't, I charge ye.

Enter

Enter Euſtace, Egremont, Cowſy.

The'are here, my Uncle abſent, ſtand cloſe to me. How do you, Brother, with your curious ſtory? have you not read her yet ſufficiently?

Char. No, Brother, no; I ſtay yet in the Preface: the ſtyle's too hard for you.

Euſt. I muſt entreat her; ſhe's parcel of my goods.

Char. She's all when you have her.

Ang. Hold off your hands, unmannerly, rude Sir; nor I, nor what I have depend on you.

Char. Do, let her alone, ſhe gives good counſel; do not trouble your ſelf with Ladies, they are too light: Let out your Land, and get a provident Steward.

Ang. I cannot love ye, let that ſatisfie you; ſuch vanities as you, are to be laugh'd at.

Euſt. Nay, then you muſt go; I muſt claim mine own.

Both. Away, away with her.

Char. Let her alone, pray let her alone, and take your Coxcomb up: Let me talk civilly a while with you, Brother. It may be on ſome terms I may part with her. *She ſtrikes off* Euſtace's *hat.*

Euſt. O, is your heart come down? what are your terms, Sir? Put up, put up. *Snatches away his ſword.*

Char. This is the firſt and chiefeſt; let's walk a turn. Now ſtand off, fools, I adviſe ye, ſtand as far off as you would hope for mercy: this is the firſt ſword yet I ever handled, and a ſword's a beauteous thing to look upon; and if it hold, I ſhall ſo hunt your inſolence: 'tis ſharp, I'm ſure, and if I put it home, 'tis ten to one I ſhall new pink your Sattins; I find I have ſpirit enough to diſpoſe of it, and will enough to make ye all examples; let me toſs it round, I have the full command on't. Fetch me a native Fencer, I defie him; I feel the fire of ten ſtrong ſpirits in me. Do you watch me when my Uncle is abſent? this is my grief, I ſhall be fleſh'd on Cowards; teach me to fight, I willing am to learn. Are ye all gilded flies, nothing but ſhew in ye? why ſtand ye gaping? who now touches her? who

calls her his, or who dares name her to me? but name her as his own; who dares look on her? that ſhall be mortal too; but think, 'tis dangerous. Art thou a fit man to inherit Land, and haſt no wit nor ſpirit to maintain it? Stand ſtill, thou ſign of a man, and pray for thy friends; pray heartily, good prayers may reſtore ye.

Ang. But do not kill 'em, Sir.

Char. You ſpeak too late, Dear; it is my firſt fight, and I muſt do bravely, I muſt not look with partial eyes on any; I cannot ſpare a button of theſe Gentlemen; did life lie in their heel, *Achilles* like, I'd ſhoot my anger at thoſe parts, and kill 'em. Who waits within?

Ser. Sir.

Char. View all theſe, view 'em well, go round about 'em, and ſtill view their faces; round about yet, ſee how death waits upon 'em, for thou ſhalt never view 'em more.

Euſt. Pray hold, Sir.

Char. I cannot hold, you ſtand ſo fair before me; I muſt not hold; 'twill darken all my glories. Go to my Uncle, bid him poſt to the King, and get my pardon inſtantly, I have need on't.

Euſt. Are you ſo unnatural?

Char. You ſhall die laſt, Sir, I'll take thee dead, thou art no man to fight with. Come, will ye come? Me-thinks I've fought whole Battels.

Cow. We have no quarrel to you that we know on, Sir.

Egre. We'll quit the houſe, and ask ye mercy too. Good Lady, let no murther be done here; we came but to parly.

Char. How my ſword thirſts after them? Stand away, Sweet.

Euſt. Pray, Sir, take my ſubmiſſion, and I diſclaim for ever.

Char. Away, ye poor things, ye deſpicable creatures! do you come poſte to fetch a Lady from me? from a poor School-boy that ye ſcorn'd of late, and grow lame in your hearts when you ſhould execute? Pray take her, take her, I am weary of her: What did you bring to carry her?

Egre. A Coach and four Horſes.

Char. But are they good?

Egre. As good as *France* can ſhew Sir.

Char. Are you willing to leave thoſe, and take your ſafeties?

Speak

Speak quickly.

Eust. Yes with all our hearts.

Char. 'Tis done then. Many have got one Horse, I've got four by th'bargain.

Enter Miramont.

Mir. How now, who's here?

Ser. Nay, now y'are gone without bail.

Mir. What, drawn, my Friends? Fetch me my two-hand Sword; I will not leave a head on your shoulders, Wretches.

Eust. In troth, Sir, I came but to do my duty.

Both. And we to renew our loves.

Mir. Bring me a blanket. What came they for?

Ang. To borrow me a while, Sir; but one that never fought yet, has so curri'd, so bastinado'd them with manly carriage, they stand like things *Gorgon* had turn'd to stone: they watch'd your being absent, and then thought they might do wonders here, and they have done so; for by my troth I wonder at their coldness, the nipping North or Frost never came near them; St. *George* upon a Sign would grow more sensible. If the name of Honour were for ever to be lost, these were the most sufficient men to do it in all the world; and yet they are but young, what will they rise to? They're as full of fire as a frozen Glow-worm's Rattle, and shine as goodly: Nobility and patience are match'd rarely in these three Gentlemen, they have right use on't; they'll stand still for an hour and be beaten. These are the Anagrams of three great Worthies.

Mir. They will infect my house with cowardize, if they breathe longer in it; my roof covers no baffl'd Monsieurs, walk and air your selves; as I live they stay not here. White-liver'd wretches, without one word to ask a reason why. Vanish, 'tis the last warning, and with speed; for if I take ye in hand, I shall dissect you, and read upon your flegmatick dull carcases. My Horse again there: I have other business, which you shall hear hereafter, and laugh at it. Good-night *Charles*, fair goodness to your dear Lady; 'tis late, 'tis late.

Ang. Pray, Sir, be careful of us.

Mir. It is enough, my beſt care ſhall attend ye. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS IV. SCÆNA IV.

Enter Andrew.

Are you come, old Maſter? Very good, your Horſe is well ſet up; but ere ye part, I'll ride you, and ſpur your Reverend Juſticeſhip ſuch a queſtion, as I ſhall make the ſides of your Reputation bleed, truly I will. Now muſt I play at Bo-peep——— A Banquet——— well, Potatoes and Eringoes, and, as I take it, Cantharides——— Excellent, a Priapiſm follows, and, as I'll handle it, it ſhall, old lecherous Goat in authority. Now they begin to Bill; how he ſlavers her! Gramercy *Lilly*, ſhe ſpits his kiſſes out, and now he offers to fumble ſhe falls off, (that's a good Wench) and cries fair play above board. Who are they in the corner? As I live, a covy of Fidlers; I ſhall have ſome Muſick yet at my making free o'th' Company of Horners; there's the comfort, and a Song too! He beckons for one——— Sure 'tis no Anthem, nor no borrow'd Rhymes
out of the School of Vertue; I will liſten——— *A Song.*
This was never penn'd at *Geneva*, the Note's
too ſprightly. So, ſo, the Muſick's paid for, and now what follows? O that Monſieur *Miramont* would but keep his word; here were a Feaſt to make him fat with laughter; at the moſt 'tis not ſix minutes riding from his houſe, nor will he break, I hope——— O are you come, Sir? the prey is in the net, and will break in upon occaſion.

Mir. Thou ſhalt rule me, *Andrew.* O th'infinite fright that will aſſail this Gentleman! the Quartans, Tertians, and Quotidians that will hang like Sergeants on his Worſhips ſhoulders! the humiliation of the fleſh of this man! this grave, auſtere man will be wondred at. How will thoſe ſolemn looks appear to me; and that ſevere face, that ſpeaks chains and ſhackles? Now I take him in the nick, ere I have done with him, he had better have ſtood between two panes of Wainſcot, and made his recantation in the Market, then hear me conjure him.

And.

And. He muſt paſs this way to th'onely Bed I have; he comes, ſtand cloſe.

Bri. Well done, well done, give me my night-cap. So. Quick, quick, untruſs me; I will truſs and trounce thee. Come, Wench, a kiſs between each point; kiſs cloſe, it is a ſweet Parentheſis.

Lil. Y'are merry, Sir.

Bri. Merry I will be anon, and thou ſhalt feel it, thou ſhalt, my *Lill.*

Lil. Shall I air your Bed, Sir?

Bri. No, no; I'll uſe no Warming-pan but thine, Girl, that's all Come kiſs me again.

Lil. Ha'ye done yet?

Bri. No; but I will do, and do wonders, *Lilly.* Shew me the way.

Lil. You cannot miſs it, Sir; you ſhall have a Cawdle in the morning for your Worſhip's breakfaſt.

Bri. How, i'th' morning, *Lilly?* th' art ſuch a witty thing to draw me on. Leave fooling, *Lilly*, I am hungry now, and th'haſt another Kickſhaw, I muſt taſte it.

Lil. 'Twill make you ſurfet, I am tender of you: y' have all y'are like to have.

And. And can this be earneſt?

Mir. It ſeems ſo, and ſhe honeſt.

Bri. Have I not thy promiſe, *Lilly?*

Lil. Yes, and I have performed enough to a man of your years, this is truth; and you ſhall find, Sir, you have kiſs'd and tous'd me, handl'd my leg and foot; what would you more, Sir? As for the reſt, it requires youth and ſtrength, and the labour in an old man would breed Agues, Sciatica's, and Cramps: You ſhall not curſe me for taking from you what you cannot ſpare, Sir. Be good unto your ſelf, y'have tane already all you can take with eaſe; you are paſt threſhing, it is a work too boiſterous for you, leave ſuch drudgery to *Andrew.*

Mir. How ſhe jeers him?

Lil. Let *Andrew* alone with his own tillage, he's tough, and can manure it.

Bri. Y'are a quean, a ſcoffing, jeering quean.

Lil. It may be ſo, but I'm ſure I'll ne'r be yours.

Bri.

Bri. Do not provoke me, if thou do'ſt, I'll have my Farm again, and turn thee out a begging.

Lil. Though you have the will, and want of honeſty to deny your deed, Sir; yet I hope *Andrew* has got ſo much learning from my young Maſter, as to keep his own; at the worſt, I'll tell a ſhort tale to the Judges, for what grave ends you ſign'd your Leaſe, and on what terms you would revoke it.

Bri. Whore, thou dar'ſt not. Yield, or I'll have thee whipt; How my bloud boils, as if 't were o'r a furnace!

Mir. I ſhall cool it.

Bri. Yet, gentle *Lilly*, pity and forgive me, I'll be a friend t'ye, ſuch a loving bountiful friend———

Lil. To avoid Suits in Law, I would grant a little; but ſhould fierce *Andrew* know it, what would become of me?

And. A whore, a whore!

Bri. Nothing but well Wench, I ſhall put ſuch a ſtrong Bit in his mouth, as thou ſhalt ride him how thou wilt, my *Lilly*; nay, he ſhall hold the door, as I will work him, and thank thee for the office.

Mir. Take heed, *Andrew*, theſe are ſhrewd temptations.

And. Pray you know your Cue, and ſecond me, Sir. By your Worſhip's favour.

Bri. Andrew.

And. I come in time to take poſſeſſion of th'office you aſſign me; hold the door, alas, 'tis nothing for a ſimple man to ſtay without, when a deep underſtanding holds conference within, ſay with his Wife: A trifle, Sir, I know I hold my Farm by Cuckolds Tenure; you are Lord o'th' Soil, Sir. *Lilly* is a Weſt, a Stray, ſhe's your [illegible] uſe, Sir, I claim no intereſt in her.

Bri. Art thou ſerious? ſpeak, honeſt *Andrew*, ſince thou haſt o'erheard us, and wink at ſmall faults, man; I'm but a pidler, a little will ſerve my turn; thou't find enough when I've my belly full: Wilt thou be private and ſilent?

And. By all means, I'll onely have a Ballad made of't, ſung to ſome lewd Tune, and the name of it ſhall be *Juſtice Trap*; it will ſell rarely with your Worſhips name, and *Lilly*'s on the top.

Bri. Seek not the ruine o' my reputation, *Andrew*.

And. 'Tis for your credit, Monſieur *Briſac*, printed in capital Letters,

Letters, then paſted upon all the poſts in *Paris*.

Bri. No mercy, *Andrew*.

And. O, it will proclaim you from the City to the Court, and prove Sport Royal.

Bri. Thou ſhalt keep thy Farm.

Mir. He does afflict him rarely.

And. You trouble me. Then his intent arriving, the vizard of his hypocriſie pull'd off to the Judge criminal.

Bri. O I am undone.

And. He's put out of Commiſſion with diſgrace, and held uncapable of bearing Office ever hereafter. This is my revenge, and this I'll put in practiſe.

Bri. Do but hear me,

And. To bring me back from my Grammar to my Horn-book, it is unpardonable.

Bri. Do not play the Tyrant; accept of compoſition.

Lil. Hear him, *Andrew*.

And. What compoſition?

Bri. I'll confirm thy Farm, and add unto't an hundred acres more, adjoyning to it.

And. Umb, this mollifies; but y'are ſo fickle, and will again deny this, there being no witneſs by.

Bri. Call any witneſs, I'll preſently aſſure it.

And. Say you ſo? troth there's a friend of mine, Sir, within hearing, that's familiar with all that's paſt, his teſtimony will be authentical.

Bri. Will he be ſecret?

And. You may tie his tongue up, as you would do your purſe-ſtrings,

Bri Miramont.

Mir. Ha-ha-ha!

And. This is my witneſs. Lord how you are troubled! ſure you have an Ague, you ſhake ſo with choler: Here's your loving Brother, Sir, and will tell no body but all he meets, that you have eat a Snake, and are grown young, gameſome, and rampant.

Bri. Caught thus?

And. If he were one that would make jeſts of you, or plague

ye,

ye, with making your Religious gravity ridiculous to your neighbours, then you had ſome cauſe to be perplex'd.

Bri. I ſhall become diſcourſe for Clowns and Tapſters.

And. Quick, *Lilly*, quick, he's now paſt kiſſing, between point and point. He ſwounds, fetch him ſome Cordial — Now put in, Sir.

Mir. Who may this be? ſure this is ſome miſtake: let me ſee his face, wears he not a falſe beard? It cannot be *Briſac* that worthy Gentleman, the Pillar and the Patron of his Countrey; he is too prudent, and too cautelous, experience hath taught him t'avoid theſe fooleries, he is the puniſher, and not the doer; beſides, he's old and cold, unfit for woman: This is ſome counterfeit, he ſhall be whipt for't, ſome baſe abuſer of my worthy Brother.

Bri. Open the door; will ye impriſon me? are ye my Judges?

Mir. The man raves! this is not judicious *Briſac*: yet now I think on't, a'has a kind of dog look like my Brother, a guilty hanging face.

Bri. I'll ſuffer bravely, do your worſt, do, do.

Mir. Why, it's manly in you.

Bri. Nor will I rail nor curſe, you ſlave, you whore, I will not meddle with you; but all the torments that ere fell on men, that fed on miſchief, fall heavily on you all. [*Exit.*

Lil. You have giv'n him a heat, Sir.

Mir. He will ride you the better, *Lilly*.

And. We'll teach him to meddle with Scholars.

Mir. He ſhall make good his promiſe t'increaſe thy Farm, *Andrew*, or I'll jeer him to death. Fear nothing, *Lilly*, I am thy Champion. This jeaſt goes to *Charles*, and then I'll hunt him out, and Monſieur *Euſtace* the gallant Courtier, and laugh heartily to ſee 'm mourn together.

And. 'Twill be rare, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus V. *Scæna* I.

Euſtace, Egremont, Cowſy.

TUrn'd out of doors and baffled!

Egre. We ſhare with you in the affront.

Cow. Yet bear it not like you with ſuch dejection.

Euſt. My Coach and Horſes made the ranſome of our cowardize.

Lew. Cow. Piſh, that's nothing, 'tis *damnum reparabile*, and ſoon recover'd.

Egre. It is but feeding a Suitor with falſe hopes, and after ſqueeze him with a dozen of Oaths. You are new rigg'd, and this no more remembred.

Euſt. And does the Court, that ſhould be the Example and Oracle of the Kingdom, read to us no other doctrine!

Egre. None that thrives ſo well as that, within my knowledge.

Cow. Flattery rubs out; but ſince great men learn to admire themſelves, 'tis ſomething creſt-fain.

Egre. To be of no Religion, argues a ſubtle, moral underſtanding, and it is often cheriſh'd.

Euſt. Piety then, and valour, nor to do and ſuffer wrong, are they no virtues?

Egre. Rather vices, *Euſtace*; Fighting! what's fighting? it may be in faſhion among Provant ſwords, and Buff-jerkin-men: But w'us that ſwim in choice of Silks and Tiſſues; though in defence of that word Reputation, which is indeed a kind of glorious nothing, to loſe a dram of blood muſt needs appear as coarſe as to be honeſt.

Euſt. And all this you ſeriouſly believe.

Cow. It is a faith that we will die in, ſince from the black Guard to the grim Sir in Office, there are few hold other Tenets.

Euſt. Now my eyes are open, and I behold a ſtrong neceſſity that keeps me knave and coward.

Cow. Y'are the wiſer.

Euſt. Nor can I change my copy, if I purpoſe to be of your ſociety.

Egre. By no means.

Euſt. Honour is nothing with you?

Cow. A meer bubble; for what's grown common, is no more regarded.

Euſt. My ſword forc'd from me too, and ſtill detain'd, you think 'tis no blemiſh.

Egre. Get me a Battoon, 'tis twenty times more Court-like, and leſs trouble.

Euſt. And yet you wear a ſword.

Cow. Yes, and a good one, a *Millan* hilt, and a *Damaſco* blade, for ornament, not uſe, the Court allows it.

Euſt. Will't not fight of it ſelf?

Cow. I ne'er tri'd this, yet I have worn as fair as any man; I'm ſure I've made my Cutler rich, and paid for ſeveral weapons, *Turkiſh* and *Toledo's*, two thouſand Crowns, and yet could never light upon a fighting one.

Euſt. I'll borrow this, I like it well.

Cow. 'Tis at your ſervice, Sir, a Lath in a Velvet Scabbard will ſerve my turn.

Euſt. And now I have it, leave me; y'are infectious, the plague and leproſie of your baſeneſs ſpreading on all that do come near you; ſuch as you render the Throne of Majeſty, the Court, ſuſpected and contemptible; you are Scarabee's that batten in her dung, and have no pallats to taſte her curious Viands; and like Owles, can onely ſee her night deformities, but with the glorious ſplendor of her beauties, you are ſtruck blind as Moles, that undermine the ſumptuous Building that allow'd you ſhelter: you ſtick like running ulcers on her face, and taint the pureneſs of her native candor, and being bad Servants, cauſe your Maſters goodneſs to be diſputed of; you make the Court, that is the abſtract of all Academies, to teach and practiſe noble undertakings, (where courage ſits triumphant crown'd with Lawrel, and wiſdom loaded with the weight of honour) a School of Vices.

Egre. What ſudden rapture's this?

Euſt. A heavenly one, that raiſing me from ſloth and ignorance, (in which your converſation long hath charm'd me) carries me up into the air of action, and knowledge of my ſelf; even now I feel, but pleading onely in the Court's defence (though far

far ſhort of her merits and bright luſtre) a happy alteration, and full ſtrength to ſtand her Champion againſt all the world, that throw aſperſions on her.

Cow. Sure he'll beat us, I ſee it in his eyes.

Egre. A ſecond *Charles*; pray look not, Sir, ſo furiouſly.

Euſt. Recant what you have ſaid, ye Mungrils, and lick up the vomit ye have caſt upon the Court, where you unworthily have had warmth and breeding, and ſwear that you, like Spiders, have made poiſon of that which was a ſaving Antidote.

Egre. We will ſwear any thing.

Cow. We honour the Court as a moſt ſacred place.

Egre. And will make oath, if you enjoyn us to't, nor knave, nor fool, nor coward living in it.

Euſt. Except you two, you Raſcals.

Cow. Yes, we are all theſe, and more, if you will have it ſo.

Euſt. And that until you are again reform'd and grown new men, you ne'er preſume to name the Court, or preſs into the Porter's Lodge but for a penance, to be diſciplin'd for your roguery, and this done with true contrition.

Both. Yes, Sir.

Euſt. You again may eat ſcraps, and be thankful.

Cow. Here's a cold breakfaſt after a ſharp nights walking.

Euſt. Keep your oathes, and without grumbling vaniſh.

Both. We are gone, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Euſt. May all the poorneſs of my ſpirit go with you: the fetters of my thraldom are filed off, and I at liberty to right my ſelf; and though my hope in *Angellina*'s little, my honour (unto which compar'd ſhe's nothing) ſhall, like the Sun, diſperſe thoſe lo'wring Clouds that yet obſcure and dim it; not the name of Brother ſhall divert me, but from him, that in the world's opinion ruin'd me, I will ſeek reparation, and call him unto a ſtrict accompt. Ha! 'tis near day, and if the Muſes friend, Roſe-cheek'd *Aurora*, invite him to this ſolitary Grove, as I much hope ſhe will, he ſeldome miſſing to pay his vows here to her, I ſhall hazard to hinder his devotions ——— The door opens, 'tis he moſt certain, and by's ſide my Sword. *Enter Charles.* Bleſt opportunity.

Char. I have o'er-ſlept my ſelf, and loſt part of the morn, but

I'll recover it: Before I went to bed, I wrote ſome Notes within my Table-book, which I will now conſider. Ha! what means this? What do I with a Sword? Learn'd *Mercury* needs not th'aid of *Mars*, and innocence is to it ſelf a guard; yet ſince Arms ever protect Arts, I may juſtly wear and uſe it; for ſince 'twas made my prize, I know not how I'm grown in love with't, and cannot eat nor ſtudy, and much leſs walk without it. But I trifle, matters of more weight ask my judgment.

Euſt. Now, Sir, treat of no other Theme, I'll keep you to it, and ſee y'expound it well.

Char. Euſtace!

Euſt. The ſame, Sir, your younger Brother, who, as duty binds him, hath all this night (turn'd out of door) attended, to bid Good-morrow t'ye.

Char. This not in ſcorn, commands me to return it. Would you ought elſe?

Euſt. O much, Sir, here I end not, but begin; I muſt ſpeak to you in another ſtrain than yet I ever us'd; and if the language appear in the delivery rough and harſh, you (being my Tutor) muſt condemn your ſelf, from whom I learn'd it.

Char. When I underſtand (be't in what ſtyle you pleaſe) what's your demand, I ſhall endeavour, in the ſelf-ſame phraſe, to make an anſwer to the point.

Euſt. I come not to lay claim to your birth-right, 'tis your own, and 'tis fit you enjoy it; nor ask I from you your learning and deep knowledge; (though I am not a Scholar as you are) I know them Diamonds by your ſole induſtry, patience and labour, forc'd from ſteep Rocks, and with much toil attended, and but to few that prize their value granted, and therefore without Rival freely wear them.

Char. Theſe not repin'd at (as you ſeem t'inform me) the motion muſt be of a ſtrange condition, if I refuſe to yield to't; therefore, *Euſtace*, without this tempeſt in your looks, propound it, and fear not a denial.

Euſt. I require then (as from an Enemy, and not a Brother) the reputation of a man, the Honour, not by a fair War won when I was waking, but in my ſleep of folly raviſh'd from me; with theſe, the reſtitution of my Sword, with large acknowledg-

ment

ment of ſatisfaction, my Coach, my Horſes; I will part with life, ere loſe one hair of them; and, what concludes all, my Miſtris *Angellina*, as ſhe was before the muſical Magick of thy tongue inchanted and ſeduc'd her. Theſe perform'd, and with ſubmiſſion, and done publickly, at my Father's and my Uncle's interceſſion, (that I put in too) I perhaps may liſten to terms of reconcilement; but if theſe, in every circumſtance, are not ſubſcrib'd to, to the laſt gaſp I defie thee.

Char. Theſe are ſtrict conditions to a Brother.

Euſt. My reſt is up, nor will I give leſs.

Char. I'm no Gameſter, *Euſtace*, yet I can gheſs your reſolution ſtands to win or loſe all; I rejoyce to find ye thus tender of your honour, and that at length you underſtand what a wretched thing you were, how deeply wounded by your ſelf, and made almoſt incurable in your own hopes, the dead fleſh of pale cowardiſe growing over your feſtred reputation, which no Balm or gentle Unguent could ever make way to; and I am happy, that I was the Surgeon that did apply thoſe burning corroſives, that render you already ſenſible o'th' danger you were plung'd in, in teaching you, and by a fair gradation, how far, and with what curious reſpect and care the peace and credit of a man within, (which you ne'er thought till now) ſhould be preferr'd before a gawdy outſide; pray you fix here, for ſo far I go with you.

Euſt. This diſcourſe is from the ſubject.

Char. I'll come to it, Brother; but if you think to build upon my ruines, you'll find a falſe foundation: your high offers, taught by the Maſters of dependencies, that by compounding differences 'tween others, ſupply their own neceſſities, with me will never carry 't: as you are my Brother, I will diſpence a little, but no more than honour can give way to; nor muſt I deſtroy that in my ſelf I love in you; and therefore let not hopes or threats perſuade you I will deſcend to any compoſition for which I may be cenſur'd.

Euſt. You ſhall fight then.

Char. With much unwillingneſs with you; but if there's no evaſion——

Euſt. None.

Char. Hear yet a word; as for the Sword and other fripperies,

in

in a fair way ſend for them, you ſhall have 'em. But rather than ſurrender *Angellina*, or hear it again mention'd, I oppoſe my breaſt unto loud thunder, caſt behind me all ties of Nature.

Euſt. She detain'd, I'm deaf to all perſuaſion.

Char. Guard thy ſelf then, *Euſtace*; I uſe no other Rhetorick.

Enter Miram.

Mir. Claſhing of ſwords ſo near my houſe! Brother oppos'd to Brother! here's no fencing at half ſword; hold, hold, *Charles*, *Euſtace*.

Euſt. Second him, or call in more help. Come not between us, I'll not know nor ſpare you; D'ye fight by th'book?

Char. 'Tis you that wrong me, off Sir, and ſuddenly, I'll conjure down the Spirit that I have rais'd in him.

Euſt. Never, *Charles*, 'tis thine, and in thy death, be doubled in me.

Mir. I'm out of breath, yet truſt not too much to't, Boys; for if you pauſe not ſuddenly, and hear reaſon, do, kill your Uncle, do; but that I'm patient, and not a cholerick old teaſty fool, like your Father, I'd dance a matachin with you, ſhould make you ſweat your beſt bloud for't; I would, and it may be I will. *Charles*, I command thee, and *Euſtace*, I entreat thee, th'art a brave Spark, a true tough-metall'd blade, and I begin to love thee heartily; give me a fighting Courtier, I'll cheriſh him for example; in our Age th'are not born every day.

Char. You of late, Sir, in me lov'd learning.

Mir. True, but take me w'ye, *Charles*; 'twas when young *Euſtace* wore his heart in's breeches, and fought his Battels in Complements and Cringes, when's underſtanding wav'd in a ſlanting Feather, and his beſt contemplation look'd no further than a new-faſhion'd doublet; I confeſs then, the lofty noiſe your Greek made onely pleas'd me; but now he's turn'd an *Oliver* and a *Rowland*, nay, the whole dozen of Peers are bound up in him: Let me remember, when I was of his years, I did look very like him; and did you ſee my Picture as I was then, you would ſwear that gallant *Euſtace* (I mean, now he dares fight) was the true ſubſtance, and the perfect figure. Nay, nay, no anger, you ſhall have enough, *Charles*.

Char.

Char. Sure, Sir, I ſhall not need addition from him.

Euſt. Nor I from any, this ſhall decide my intereſt; though I am loſt to all deſerving men, to all that men call good, for ſuffering tamely inſufferable wrongs, and juſtly ſlighted by yielding to a minute of delay in my revenge, and from that made a ſtranger unto my Father's houſe and favour, o'erwhelm'd with all diſgraces; yet I will mount upward, and force my ſelf a fortune, though my birth and breeding do deny it.

Char. Seek not, *Euſtace*, by violence, what will be offer'd to you on eaſier compoſition; though I was not alli'd unto your weakneſs, you ſhall find me a Brother to your bravery of ſpirit, and one that, not compell'd to't by your ſword, (which I muſt never fear) will ſhare with you in all but *Angellina*.

Mir. Nobly ſaid, *Charles*, and learn from my experience, you may hear reaſon, and never maim your fighting; for your credit, which you think you have loſt, ſpare, *Charles*, and ſwinge me, and ſoundly; three or four walking velvet Cloaks, that wear no ſwords to guard 'em, yet deſerve it, thou art made up again.

Euſt. All this is Lip-ſalve.

Mir. It ſhall be Hearts-eaſe, *Euſtace*, ere I have done; as for thy Father's anger, now thou dar'ſt fight, ne'er fear it, for I've the dowcets of his gravity faſt in a ſtring, I will ſo pinch and wring him, that, ſpight of his authority, thou ſhalt make thine own conditions with him.

Euſt. I'll take leave a little to conſider.

Char. Here comes *Andrew*.

Mir. But without his comical and learned face; what ſad diſaſter, *Andrew?*

And. You may read, Sir, a Tragedy in my face.

Mir. Art thou in earneſt?

And. Yes, by my life, Sir; and if now you help not, and ſpeedily, by force, or by perſuaſion, my good old Maſter (for now I pity him) is ruin'd for ever.

Char. Ha, my Father!

And. He, Sir.

Mir. By what means? ſpeak.

And. At the ſuit of Monſieur *Lewis*; his houſe is ſeiz'd upon, and he in perſon is under guard, (I ſaw it with theſe eyes, Sir)

to

to be convey'd to *Paris*, and there Sentenc'd.

Mir. Nay, then there is no jesting.

Char. Do I live, and know my Father injur'd?

And. And what's worse, Sir, my Lady *Angellina*———

Eust. What of her?

And She's carri'd away too.

Mir. How?

And. While you were absent, a crew of Monsieur *Lewis* friends and kinsmen, by force, brake in at th'back part of the house, and took her away by violence; faithful *Andrew* (as this can witness for him) did his best in her defence, but 'twould not do.

Mir. Away, and see our Horses sadled, 'tis no time to talk, but do. *Eustace*, you now are offer'd a spatious field, and in a pious War to exercise your valour; here's a cause, and such a one, in which to fall is honourable, your duty and reverence due to a fathers name commanding it; but these unnatural jars arising between Brothers (should you prosper) would shame your victory.

Eust. I would do much, Sir, but still my reputation!

Mir. Charles shall give you all decent satisfaction; nay, joyn hands, and heartily; why, this is done like Brothers; and as old as I am, in this cause that concerns the honour of our Family, Monsieur *Lewis* (if reason cannot work) shall find and feel there's hot blood in this arm, I'll lead you bravely.

Eust. And if I follow not, a cowards name be branded on my forehead.

Char. This spirit makes you a sharer in my fortunes.

Mir. And in mine, of which (*Brisac* once freed, and *Angellina* again in our possession) you shall know, my heart speaks in my tongue.

Eust. I dare not doubt it, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS V. SCÆNA II.

Enter Lewis, Brisac, Angellina, Sylvia, *Officers.*

Lew. I am deaf to all perswasions.

Bri. I use none, nor doubt I, though a while my innocence suffers, but when the King shall understand how false your malice hath inform'd him, he in justice must set me right again.

Ang.

Ang. Sir, let not paſſion ſo far tranſport you, as to think in reaſon, this violent courſe repairs, but ruines it; that honour you would build up, you deſtroy; what you would ſeem to nouriſh, if reſpect of my preferment or my pattern may challenge your paternal love and care, why do you, now good fortune has provided a better Husband for me than your hopes could ever fancy, ſtrive to rob me of him? In what is my Lord *Charles* defective, Sir? unleſs deep Learning be a blemiſh in him, or well proportion'd limbs be mulcts in nature, or, what you onely aim'd at, large Revenues, are, on the ſudden, grown diſtaſteful to you. Of what can you accuſe him?

Lew. Of a Rape done to Honour, which thy ravenous luſt made thee conſent to.

Syl. Her luſt! you are her Father.

Lew. And you her Bawd.

Syl. Were you ten Lords, 'tis falſe; the pureneſs of her chaſte thoughts entertains not ſuch ſpotted inſtruments.

Ang. As I have a Soul, Sir.

Lew. I am not to be alter'd; to ſit down with this diſgrace, would argue me a Peaſant, and not born Noble: all rigour that the Law, and that increaſe of power by favour yields, ſhall be with all ſeverity inflicted; you have the King's hand for't no Bail will ſerve, and therefore at your perils, Officers, away with 'em.

Bri. This is madneſs.

Lew. Tell me ſo in open Court, and there I'll anſwer you.

Enter Miramont, Charles, Euſtace, Andrew.

Mir. Well overtaken.

Char. Ill if they dare reſiſt.

Euſt. He that advances but one ſtep forward dies.

Lew. Shew the King's Writ.

Mir. Shew your diſcretion, 'twill become you better.

Char. Y'are once more in my power, and if again I part with you, let me for ever loſe thee.

Euſt. Force will not do't, nor threats; accept this ſervice from your deſpair'd of *Euſtace*.

And. And beware your Reverend Worſhip never more attempt to ſearch my *Lilly-pot*, you ſee what follows.

Lew. Is the King's power contemn'd?

Mir. No, but the torrent o'your wilful folly ſtopp'd. And for you, good Sir, if you would but be ſenſible, what can you wiſh, but the ſatisfaction of an obſtinate will, that is not endear'd to you? rather than be croſs'd in what you purpos'd, you'll undo your Daughter's fame, the credit of your judgment, and your old fooliſh Neighbour; make your ſtates, and in a Suit not worth a Cardecue, a prey to Advocates, and their buckram Scribes, and after they have plum'd ye, return home like a couple of naked Fowles without a feather.

Char. This is a moſt ſtrong truth, Sir.

Mir. No, no, Monſieur, let us be right Frenchmen, violent to charge; but when our follies are repell'd by reaſon, 'tis fit that we retreat, and ne'er come on more: Obſerve my learned *Charles*, he'll get thee a Nephew on *Angellina* ſhall diſpute in her belly, and ſuck the Nurſe by Logick: and here's *Euſtace*, he was an Aſs, but now is grown an *Amadis*; nor ſhall he want a Wife, if all my Land, for a Joynture, can effect: Y'are a good Lord, and of a gentle nature, in your looks I ſee a kind conſent, and it ſhews lovely: and do you hear, old Fool? but I'll not chide, hereafter, like me, ever doat on Learning, the meer belief is excellent, 'twill ſave you; and next love Valour, though you dare not fight your ſelf, or fright a fooliſh Officer, young *Euſtace* can do it to a hair. And, to conclude, let *Andrew*'s Farm b'encreas'd, that is your pennance, you know for what, and ſee you rut no more; you underſtand me. So embrace on all ſides.

I'll pay thoſe Bilmen, and make large amends,
Provided we preſerve you ſtill our Friends——— [Exeunt.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

'Tis not the hands, or ſmiles, or common way
Of approbation to a well lik'd Play,
We onely hope; but that you freely would
To th' Author's memory ſo far unfold,
And ſhew your loves and likeing to his Wit,
Not in your praiſe, but often ſeeing it;
That being the grand aſſurance that can give
The Poet and the Player means to live.

FINIS.